

Dec. 11, 1854.



The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos*.

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VOL. V. No. 243.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1854.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

CABINET COUNCIL met yesterday afternoon in Downing-street, and sat for some hours. At the same moment, Lord Palmerston was in conference at Paris with Louis Napoleon. We may infer that the same subject was discussed by the two Cabinets; and we may likewise take it granted that it is the decision at which the new Cabinet may arrive which will be adopted by the two Governments. It was very clever of Lord Palmerston, finding himself somewhat pressed at home by the Peelite administrators of the war, to run over to Paris, and thus to take politically the position of English Premier by running (with a dexterity Lord Brougham must envy) first Minister of our "dominant ally." The question of the Emperor and of the English statesman who carried English opinion in favour of the coup d'état of 1851 bodes no good to Lord Aberdeen; and it is not incredible, the Belgian says, that his colleagues did their best to keep the Home Secretary at his proper work. But of course they had to give way: November is very December, and Lord Palmerston always says in December—if he hasn't his own way.

Our Cabinet Councils have but one subject to them—the war. We can conceive Lord John, in his usual conscientious adherence to the possible, entreating the Ministers to let him and the schedules of the new Reform Bill, to which he has devoted those spare evenings on which he has not been writing the Memoirs of Fox or of Pitt, or advertising himself at an Athenaeum wine. But we can also conceive Lord John being put down by the Ministers. The last conclusion of the Cabinet seemed to result in much talk about reinforcements: it was a question about men: and very likely the consideration yesterday was as to money. The Government has seen its great error in attempting to conduct a great war on a small scale: and even Mr. Gladstone must now be giving way on the question of finance. The rumour on the Changes of London and Paris is that the two Governments are about to raise loans: and this we fully believe, to know that Mr. Gladstone could not hold his ground if he faced Parliament again with an offer of ready money for the war. If a loan was voted on yesterday, then we shall probably hear of Parliament being summoned for an early date before Christmas-day.

We want Parliament, if only as a machinery for getting the news of the war from the Govern-

ment. "Ministerial explanations" on various points are much wanted, and there should be such a thing as consideration for the public, as well as consideration for the public service. This is the 18th of November, and, including the *Extraordinary Gazette* of last night, we have had no news from Sebastopol later than the 3rd, except a telegraphic despatch that there was a great battle on the 5th—a great battle meaning great slaughter of our friends and relatives. Were Parliament sitting, some better arrangement would have to be made than that which leaves us for a whole fortnight in acute suspense. Ministerial explanations to the House of Commons would also obviate the obvious cooking of the despatches. The French Government does not disguise that it edits General Canrobert; and there is internal evidence in Lord Raglan's despatches that he is allowed to tell his countrymen very little. The Duke of Newcastle has obtained a good deal of praise for his supposed readiness in communicating with the public; but what is the meaning of our getting his despatch to Lord Raglan, conveying congratulations on the battle of Alma, via Balaklava? Surely he could have gratified the country with a copy ere this. Not that we think the despatch does him great credit. There is not much masculinity in the style of his compliment to Lord Raglan; and some better and healthier phrase might have been chosen than "gracious approbation," in speaking of the feelings with which the Queen of England heard of the valour of her army. Some six or seven hundred gallant souls gone, for England's glory, and his Grace the Duke of Newcastle makes his Sovereign say—much obliged!

The *Extraordinary Gazette* of last evening brings us no details of the battle of the 5th. It merely enumerates "casualties" up to the 3rd, and not very clearly describes the position on that day.

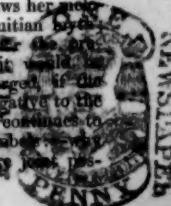
The Allies will no doubt have been sustained, and the Russians checked, by reminiscences of the affairs of the 25th and 26th. In *morale* and *physique* the Allies, on these occasions, as at Alma, proved their enormous superiority; and, so far, there may be, nationally, some compensation for the waste of gallant life in Lord Cardigan's heroic but insane charge with his 800 of the light brigade. Let the blunder be accounted for: let him (if it be not Nolan) who is responsible be punished: but let us not make too much of the affair. We have forgotten our war annals so completely that we talk of a mad charge of cavalry as "unparalleled," and speak of every new act of bravery as a miracle. On the other hand, we are disposed to under-estimate the Turks, because certain Turkish troops did not defend with great valour their redoubts on the 25th. Now there is nothing more common in war than a panic, even among good soldiers, and the Turks who fled were raw recruits, badly officered, and who had so far a justification for their retreat that most assuredly they could not have held

their posts. These Russians, that we are beginning to respect, have exhibited quite as much craven discretion as the Turks. On the 26th, when they were arrested by Sir De Lacy Evans' guns, they never attempted to fight—they ran without thought even of a manoeuvre. The Turks, as the Danubian campaign indicated, are excellent soldiers when well officered, and in fair circumstances; to test them, or even the Russians, by the French or English standard of military excellence, is unjust and misleading.

We may hourly expect telegraphic news of what happened at Sebastopol after the 11th—up to which date we have accounts, via Russia, so far clear that they do not speak of anything more than the regular siege. Detailed news of the 5th, and of occurrences between the 5th and the 11th, we cannot hope for, under present arrangements, before the middle of next week. One way or other the siege must soon end, and the war be spread beyond shattered Sebastopol; and the movements of Omar Pasha, nearing Ismail, suggest the quarter in which the flame will reappear. Austria, at present, holds her position consistently: sympathy with Russia, but absolute neutrality—position, so far, as favourable to us as to her. But if the war should commence in Bessarabia, her difficulty would be very great: and we can afford to wait for her perplexity. Prussia, in a very Prussian way, has defined her intentions. She is with Austria so long as Austria is neutral: if Austria is attacked, she will aid Austria:—and, thus, if Austria, certain of being attacked, were strategically to make the first move, Frederick William, declaring for Russia, would drink his champagne with a clear conscience that he had done his duty to Germany and to God! Meanwhile there is a fatuous talk setting in of the Czar being ready to renew negotiations with Austria. Via Sebastopol, we have got Europe quite clear of the diplomats!

In Spain, the dynastic and constitutional struggle is recommencing in a way that will quite sufficiently occupy the protocolic intellect. And the Austrian statesman-mind is receiving a hint from Italy of the desirableness of deserving an Anglo-French alliance. Louis Napoleon is quietly withdrawing his troops from Rome; and as they go, rebellion rises behind them. Elsewhere in Italy there is incessant whispering that the inexorable Mazzini is on the watch.

The cloud between England and America has floated away. Great Britain withdraws her meteoric protectorate of the Mosquitan provinces and the Cuban controversy seems, for the present, to be put on one side. But it would be good, as we have at other times perceived, if the alliance were converted from the negative to the positive. The news from China still continues to be that trade is stopped by the rebels, and we cannot England and the States take joint possession of China?



THE WAR.

We give the official despatches as they arrived since last Saturday.

This despatch of Lord Raglan's arrived on Sunday morning. It refers to the affair of the 25th:—

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 28, 1854.

My Lord Duke—I have the honour to acquaint your grace that the enemy attacked the position in the front of Balaklava at an early hour on the morning of the 25th instant.

The low range of heights that runs across the plain at the bottom of which the town is placed was protected by four small redoubts hastily constructed. Three of these had guns in them, and on a higher hill, in front of the village of Camara, in advance of our right flank, was established a work of somewhat more importance.

These several redoubts were garrisoned by Turkish troops, no other force being at my disposal for their occupation.

The 93rd Highlanders was the only British regiment in the plain, with the exception of a part of a battalion of detachments composed of weakly men, and a battery of artillery belonging to the 3rd division; and on the heights behind our right were placed the marines, obligingly landed from the fleet by Vice-Admiral Dundas. All these, including the Turkish troops, were under the immediate orders of Major-General Sir Colin Campbell, whom I had taken from the 1st division with the 93rd.

As soon as I was apprised of this movement of the enemy, I felt compelled to withdraw from before Sebastopol the 1st and 4th divisions, commanded by Lieut.-General his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and the Hon. Sir George Cathcart, and bring them down into the plain; and General Canrobert subsequently reinforced these troops with the first division of French infantry and the Chasseurs d'Afrique.

The enemy commenced their operation by attacking the work on our side of the village of Camara, and after very little resistance, carried it.

They likewise got possession of the three others in contiguity to it, being opposed only in one, and that but for a very short space of time.

The farthest of the three they did not retain, but the immediate abandonment of the others enabled them to take possession of the guns in them, amounting in the whole to seven. Those in the three lesser forts were spikied by the one English artilleryman who was in each.

The Russian cavalry at once advanced, supported by artillery, in very great strength. One portion of them assailed the front and right flank of the 93rd, and were instantly driven back by the vigorous and steady fire of that distinguished regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel Ainslie.

The other and larger mass turned towards her Majesty's heavy cavalry, and afforded Brigadier-General Scarlett, under the guidance of Lieutenant-General the Earl of Lucan, the opportunity of inflicting upon them a most signal defeat. The ground was very unfavourable for the attack of our Dragoons, but no obstacle was sufficient to check their advance, and they charged into the Russian column, which soon sought safety in flight, although far superior in numbers.

The charge of this brigade was one of the most successful I ever witnessed, was never for a moment doubtful, and is in the highest degree creditable to Brigadier-General Scarlett and the officers and men engaged in it.

As the enemy withdrew from the ground which they had momentarily occupied, I directed the cavalry, supported by the fourth division, under Lieut.-General Sir George Cathcart, to move forward, and take advantage of any opportunity to regain the heights; and, not having been able to accomplish this immediately, and it appearing that an attempt was making to remove the captured guns, the Earl of Lucan was desired to advance rapidly, follow the enemy in their retreat, and try to prevent them from effecting their object.

In the meanwhile the Russians had time to re-form on their own ground, with artillery in front and upon their flanks.

From some misconception of the instruction to advance, the Lieut.-General considered that he was bound to attack at all hazards, and he accordingly ordered Major-General the Earl of Cardigan to move forward with the light brigade.

This order was obeyed in the most spirited and gallant manner. Lord Cardigan charged with the utmost vigour, attacked a battery which was firing upon the advanced squadrons, and, having passed beyond it, engaged the Russian cavalry in its rear; but there his troops were assailed by artillery and infantry, as well as cavalry, and necessarily retired, after having committed much havoc upon the enemy.

They effected this movement without haste or confusion; but the loss they have sustained has, I deeply lament, been very severe in officers, men, and horses, only counterbalanced by the brilliancy of the attack and the gallantry, order, and discipline which distinguished it, forming a striking contrast to the conduct of the enemy's cavalry, which had previously been engaged with the heavy brigade.

The Chasseurs d'Afrique advanced on our left, and

gallantly charged a Russian battery, which checked its fire for a time, and thus rendered the British cavalry an essential service.

The enemy made no further movement in advance, and at the close of the day the brigade of Guards, of the first division and the fourth division, returned to their original encampment, as did the French troops, with the exception of one brigade of the first division, which General Canrobert was so good as to leave in support of Sir Colin Campbell.

The remaining regiments of the Highland brigade also remained in the valley.

The fourth division had advanced close to the heights, and Sir George Cathcart caused one of the redoubts to be re-occupied by the Turks, affording them his support, and he availed himself of the opportunity to assist with his riders in silencing two of the enemy's guns.

The means of defending the extensive position which had been occupied by the Turkish troops in the morning having proved wholly inadequate, I deemed it necessary, in concurrence with General Canrobert, to withdraw from the lower range of heights, and to concentrate our force, which will be increased by a considerable body of seamen, to be landed from the ships under the authority of Admiral Dundas, immediately in front of the narrow valley leading into Balaklava, and upon the precipitous heights on our right, thus affording a narrower line of defence.

I have, &c., RAGLAN.
His Grace the Duke of Newcastle,
&c., &c., &c.

A second despatch from Lord Raglan, dated the same day, refers to the affair of the 26th:—

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 28, 1854.

My Lord Duke, The enemy moved out of Sebastopol on the 26th with a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, amounting, it is said, to 6000 or 7000 men, and attacked the left of the 2nd division, commanded by Lieut.-General Sir De Lacy Evans, who speedily and energetically repulsed them, assisted by one of the batteries of the 1st division, and some guns of the Light Division, and supported by the brigade of Guards and by several regiments of the 4th division, and in rear by the French division commanded by General Bosquet, who was most eager in his desire to give him every aid.

I have the honour to transmit a copy of Sir De Lacy Evans' report, which I am sure your grace will read with the highest satisfaction, and I beg to recommend the officers whom he particularly mentions to your protection.

Captain Bayly, of the 30th, and Captain Atcherley, of the same regiment, and Lieutenant Conolly, of the 49th, all of whom are severely wounded, appear to have greatly distinguished themselves.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the manner in which Lieutenant-General Sir De Lacy Evans met this very severe attack. I had not the good fortune to witness it myself, being occupied in front of Balaklava at the time it commenced, and having only reached his position as the affair ceased, but I am certain I speak the sentiments of all who witnessed the operation, in saying that nothing could have been better managed, and that the greatest credit is due to the Lieutenant-General, whose services and conduct I have before had to bring under your grace's notice.

I enclose the return of the losses the army has sustained since the 22nd.—I have, &c., RAGLAN.
His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

[The "enclosed" despatches, from Lord Lucan, Sir Colin Campbell, and Sir De L. Evans, tell nothing which is not better told by the newspaper correspondents. Lord Lucan, in his despatch, says, respecting the great charge—"Being instructed to make a rapid advance to our front, to prevent the enemy carrying the guns lost by the Turkish troops in the morning, I ordered the light brigade to advance in two lines, and supported them with the heavy brigade." This gives no idea of what took place, nor of the emotions of the moment; and, to the end, Lord Lucan is cold and reserved, merely "regretting the heavy loss."]

The next despatch, referring to a great battle which occurred on the 5th of this month, arrived in Paris (by telegraph) on Monday morning, and was immediately transmitted to London. It is from General Canrobert to his Government:—

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 6, 1854.

The Russian army, increased by reinforcements from the Danube, by the reserves collected in the southern provinces, and animated by the presence of the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, attacked yesterday the right of the English position before the place.

The English army maintained the combat with the most remarkable solidity. I ordered it to be supported by Bosquet's division, which fought with admirable vigour, and by the troops nearest at hand. The enemy, much more numerous than we, beat a retreat with enormous losses, estimated at 8000 or 9000 men.

This obstinate struggle lasted the whole day.

On my left, General Forey had to drive back at the same time a sortie of the garrison; the troops energetically led on by him drove back the enemy into the place, with a loss of about 1000 men.

This brilliant day's feat of arms (*journée*), which was not achieved without loss to the Allies, reflects the highest honour upon our arms.

The siege continues regularly.

The Paris correspondent of the *Indépendance* states that to General Canrobert's despatch of the 6th inst. was added a postscript representing the Russians as so thoroughly beaten in their last engagement that it would be at least ten days before they would again expose themselves to the chances of a battle. The French Government, it is said, keeping in view the vicissitudes of war, and more alive than ever to the difficulties attending the enterprise of the allied armies, thought proper to withhold this prediction from the public. At Paris it is generally admitted that the Allies are at the beginning of a winter campaign.

The following despatch from Lord Raglan, confirmatory of the above, was received on Wednesday night by the Duke of Newcastle. The despatch was delayed between Bucharest and Vienna by an interruption of the telegraph from injuries received during a violent storm:—

Nov. 6, 1854.

The enemy, with immense forces, attacked yesterday, in the dawn of morning, the right of the English position before Sebastopol, which was defended by the second division and the brigade of Guards of the first light division, the fourth division, and part of the third, and subsequently by the division of General Bosquet and other corps of the French army, which by their gallant conduct contributed essentially to the decided success of the day. General Canrobert immediately came to the spot, and gave me the support of his assistance and of his excellent counsel. The battle was extremely obstinate, and it was not till past noon that the enemy was definitely repulsed and forced to retreat, leaving the field of battle covered with his dead and several hundreds of prisoners. The number of the enemy much exceeded that which was opposed to us at Alma, and the losses of the Russians have been enormous. Our losses have also been very great. General Sir George Brown, Major-General Bentinck, Brigadier-Generals Adams, Buller, and Torrens, have been wounded. They are all doing well.

The conduct of the troops in the face of an enemy so superior in numbers has been excellent.

(Signed) RAGLAN.

What purported to be Russian versions of the same affair have been circulated in London and Paris: but it is supposed that they are fictions. The following was handed about at the Paris Bourse, as having been sent by Prince Menschikoff to Prince Paskiewitsch, under the date of November 6, at ten in the morning:—

The arrival of their Imperial Highnesses excited in the army and in the town the greatest enthusiasm, and the Princes were received with hurrahs and transports of delight. The troops would have been delighted had the Princes witnessed our success of the day before, and the garrison of the town testified its impatience to welcome their Highnesses by a new exploit.

In the afternoon, a column, consisting of sixteen battalions, marched resolutely on the right wing of the enemy, and seized on a redoubt. After a furious contest hand to hand, our battalions returned to the town without being disengaged.

Almost at the same moment three battalions executed a rapid movement of attack against the siege works of the right flank of the enemy. They took fifteen guns and spiked them, after having killed the greater part of the men who were serving them. The French hastened up, and pursued our men with the impetuosity which is natural to them, and a body of 8000 or 10,000 men rashly advanced to the walls of the place. They were there received by a well-directed fire, which killed a great number of them; and a sortie, executed with a rare vigour, forced them to return to their lines.

During this last movement, and a little before three in the afternoon, General Liprandi, with a part of the forces under his command, attacked the English line. A desperate engagement ensued. I ordered forward from Tchorgun the troops that could be collected in haste to support them.

Our dragoons executed two brilliant charges. The enemy defended themselves most stubbornly, and the approach of night alone put an end to the combat.

In our share of the day's proceedings 22,000 men were engaged on both sides. The losses have been great; ours has been about 4000 men, and that of the enemy at least as great.

We are now getting all our reserves up from Simferopol, Bachti Sarai, and Sutachiva. We are about to resolutely assume the offensive, and we shall not allow one day's repose to the enemy. Their forces are diminishing visibly. The partial reinforcements which they successively have received have not been sufficient to fill up the voids which war and maladies have made in their ranks. Their number cannot be more at present than 50,000 men. This army cannot escape us; we have for us the moral ascendancy and a great superiority in numbers. We are on our own ground, and we are fighting at the same time for our soil, and for the most holy of causes.

Hardly had the excitement consequent upon this news arisen, when the *Times* (conspicuous for its bad news) terrified the town with a telegraph from Vienna, asserting that another battle was fought on the 5th. The same paper on Thursday, with another Vienna telegraph, announced a fourth battle on the 11th. Of course these were blunders: the telegraphs all referred to the same affair on the 5th.

These are the telegraphs which appeared in the first edition of the morning papers of yesterday:—

Vienna, Thursday, Nov. 16.

Advices received *sic* Odessa, of the 11th of November, state that nothing important occurred at Sebastopol on the 6th, 7th, and 8th.

The allies continued the construction of their siege works, especially fortifying their right wing.

The Russians were busy repairing the damage due to the fortifications.

A despatch of the 8th from Prince Menschikoff announces that the operations of the siege continued, and that the allies were intrenching themselves strongly on the left flank of their position.

The French papers publish telegraphic news from Marseilles, brought there by the Sinai from Constantinople. The most important intelligence brought by this vessel is, however, the fact, that General Mayran's brigade, from Greece, and 2000 Zouaves from Africa, both corps destined for the Crimea, had been met at sea, and according to all probability would have joined General Canrobert's army by the time the Sinai reached Marseilles.

Berlin, Tuesday, Nov. 14.

The following summary of a Russian official despatch has been received here, dated St. Petersburg, Nov. 13:—

Prince Menschikoff attacked the north-east position of the enemy on the 5th inst. The enemy was prepared. The Russians stormed two positions, spiked eight guns in one battery, and penetrated into the English camp. One division (Russian) arrived too late. The Russians retired to their previous positions. The enemy did not pursue.

A simultaneous sortie was made near Bastion No. 6. The enemy's batteries opposite the cemetery were stormed, and the cannon were spiked.

General Foret's division attacked the Bastion No. 6, but were repulsed.

The Russian loss was considerable. The Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas were present. General Liprandi only made a demonstration.

Lieut-General Soimonoff was killed.

The Sinai steamer, arrived at Marseilles this week, brought detailed news of what occurred up to the 3rd. It also brought news that the allies contemplated an assault on the 5th—the day that *they* were assaulted. The state of the town of Sebastopol was spoken of as being fearful. In the conflagration of the hospital, 2000 sick and wounded were burnt to cinders.

By the last mail from Sebastopol, we find that the Duke of Newcastle wrote, on the 10th of October, to Lord Raglan, communicating to him, and to the army, the Queen's "gracious approbation of the gallant conduct of the army at the battle of Alma." The duke says:—

I lost no time in submitting to her Majesty your lordship's able and interesting description of this great conflict, and it is now my gratifying duty to express to your lordship the sense which the Queen entertains of the valuable service which you have rendered to this country, and to the cause of the allies, and the high approbation which her Majesty has been pleased to express of the brilliant gallantry of the forces under your command, their discipline—worthy of veteran soldiers—and their irresistible resolution, which no disadvantages of position could subdue.

The Queen commands me to convey through your lordship her Majesty's commendation and thanks to Lieut-General Sir George Brown, the other generals of division, and to all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the army, who have on this occasion revived the recollection of the ancient glories of British arms, and added fresh lustre to the military fame of England.

Her Majesty feels additional pleasure in thus recognizing the noble daring of her soldiers, and sympathising in their victory, when she reflects that courage has been evinced, and those triumphs won side by side with the troops of a nation whose valour the British army has in former times admired and respected in hostile combat, but which it has now for the first time tested in the glorious rivalry of an intimate brotherhood in arms. Her Majesty trusts that the blood of the two nations so profusely shed on the banks of the Alma—a subject of deep regret to herself and her people—may consecrate an alliance which shall endure for the benefit of future generations, when the remembrance of this battle-field is hallowed by gratitude for the consequences, as well as the glories of victory.

The Duke adds:—

On one subject alone you are silent—your own distinguished service. To this, however, others have borne

witness, and her Majesty is profoundly sensible that, if her army has shown itself worthy of its ancient renown, its Commander has proved himself able to uphold it, and has fulfilled the prediction written forty years ago by him under whom he learned the art of war, and whose loss we still mourn, that he would "become an honour to his country."

The same mail brings the "general orders" of thanks issued by Lord Raglan respecting the affairs of the 25th and 26th ult.

THE POSITION.

An article appears in the *Pays* upon the position and the prospect. It conveys the views of the French Government:—

It has been announced that Prince Menschikoff was again expecting numerous reinforcements. We believe that he has now all that he could reckon on; and that letters from Odessa announce, in fact, that the convoys of troops towards the Crimea have ceased for some days. The Russian army is necessarily limited in the Crimea by the resources in provisions and ammunition which it can dispose of. It has not the sea by which to receive its stores; it must receive everything from the continent by badly-kept roads, which will soon become absolutely impracticable. The soil of the Crimea is chalky and friable. The rains, which usually commence in November, soften it to such an extent as to destroy the communications. The roads become cut up and full of holes, and the pools of water no longer allow of any transports. The climate, therefore, menaces very seriously the army of Prince Menschikoff, and if in a few days he does not obtain a marked success, he will be obliged, under pain of exposing to the most frightful privations his army of 100,000 men, to take refuge at Perekop, to pass the winter there in the most complete inaction. Our army is in a far better condition. Close to the sea, it can incessantly obtain everything that it wants. It has at its disposal a powerful fleet, which is at the same time a military auxiliary, and a means of supplying stores. Without doubt, the Black Sea is renowned for its tempests and inhospitable climate; but there are no more storms and contrary winds for steamers, and we have 200 of these latter constantly plying from Balaklava to Constantinople, and vice versa. On the other hand, there have been already accumulated at Balaklava upwards of six weeks' provisions and stores of every kind, and every day there arrive there new convoys of men, arms, and provisions. If from these considerations connected with the weather and climate, and from these details of supplies, we pass to the physical appreciation of the two armies, we find them at least equal in strength. We see the allies full of enthusiasm and courage, still more excited by the numerous victories which they have already gained, on the Alma, over General Liprandi, and now over the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas; always ready for the combat, prepared to resist any attempt at surprise, and displaying in the face of danger that French gaiety which is one of the sources of strength of our army, or Britannic impossibility, which makes our allies a living wall of brass. Whatever may be the means by which the courage of the Russians is fanaticised, it is impossible to make them believe that they are victorious when they retreat in disorder; and it is impossible to conceal from them the disasters and ruins of Sebastopol. And if that is the case, how can it be admitted that the inevitable discouragement which seizes on every army that has been three times conquered should not creep into their ranks? The material situation, like the moral one, is therefore as good as could be hoped for.

REINFORCEMENTS.

It has been stated above that the French army before Sebastopol was receiving reinforcements from Athens, and, in addition, a large force of Zouaves, the very best troops; and the Emperor of the French has further decided to send 50,000 men, some of whom have already sailed, all of whom will have left Toulon or Marseilles for the Crimea within the next ten days. A portion of the expense of these troops is to be borne by the British Government. What the English Government is itself doing is stated in the *Globe*:—

Within the last month reinforcements have been ordered out for the infantry, to the number of nearly 7000 men. Of that number 4000 were sent out in detachments from the regimental dépôts; the 97th, 1000 strong, was ordered from Athens, and the 62nd from Malta; and further detachments embarking this week comprise 9 officers and 790 men. Besides these reinforcements, every man of war that has departed for the Black Sea has taken out reinforcements to the marines and artillery, which must in the aggregate constitute a considerable addition to the force at the seat of war. Such were the steps taken before the recent stirring news was received; and it has been our duty from time to time to report progress under the head of our military intelligence. But it is not to be supposed that the activity of Government would stop at that point, even if the reports of the 25th of October and the 5th instant had not excited other people to clamour for the reinforcements which were in part already on their way. Within the last two days the 90th regiment has been ordered out from Dublin, as well as the 34th and 71st from Corfu, and a battalion of Guards from home. The total of the additional reinforcement thus ob-

tained would be about 5000 men in infantry alone. The cavalry will be reinforced, not by fresh regiments, but by increasing the strength of the regiments already out, from a complement of 300 to 600 each regiment, and by making good the losses already incurred. We may reckon that this plan would involve, when completed, an effective increase of 5000 men. Considerable as these are, they constitute by no means the whole. Nothing has been more conspicuous to the whole world, or more constantly confirmed in act, than the perfect accord and active co-operation of the French and English Governments, as well as the French and English forces; we cannot, therefore, consider the subject of reinforcements apart.

Letters from the Crimea say, of the Turkish reinforcements—"The Egyptian contingent of 12,000 men is beginning to arrive, as also French reinforcements, which are being conveyed almost daily to the Crimea." The Egyptian troops are the most available to Turkey.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company are supplying three steamers for the use of the French Government in the conveyance of troops. The Royal Mail Company sends the Thames on the same service. The Royal Albert (the hero of the great launch at Woolwich some time ago) goes immediately to Balaklava with 800 men. One hundred first class and second class boys were sent on board her yesterday from the Waterloo, all of whom have been trained in sword exercise and gun practice, under the superintendence of Commander John B. Marsh, of the Waterloo. A number of these boys are perfectly capable of doing their duty as gunners and gunners' mates, and such has been their training on board the Waterloo, under her indefatigable commander, that a number of them are appointed to instruct their junior messmates in great gun and sword exercise. They certainly possess the judgment, and only want muscular power. The boys receive money in lieu of grog.

ASSISTANT ENGINEERS.—Notice has been given that a number of assistant engineers will shortly be required to enter the Royal Navy, and every encouragement will be given to young men qualified for that service, who may enter at Woolwich from the factory, or from private establishments.

THE COMMISSARIAT.

Another invitation to volunteer as assistants to the Commissariat in the East has been made to the weighers of the London Custom-house establishment, twenty young men being immediately required. The Government guarantees to the volunteers their present position in the Customs, and, moreover, the advance to which they would be entitled staying at home; so that they incur no risk of losing ground whenever the termination of the war may enable the commissariat to dispense with their services. Numerous letters have been received from weighers who volunteered two months ago. The commissariat volunteers appear to have all the excitement of the war, and are well lodged at Balaklava.

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

Omar Pasha is said to be contemplating a move on Bessarabia:—

The most general belief is that the Turks will attack the Russians, and, from the line of the Sereth upon which Sadik Pasha is concentrating the troops lately in Wallachia, march against Bessarabia, while another Turkish corps will stand at his disposal in the Dobrudzha, or on the coast of the Black Sea. All the Turkish troops in Western Bulgaria are marching on Shumla. The Russians are making great preparations to defend the Pruth; here and there whole villages have been cleared of their civil inhabitants for reasons of strategy. From St. Petersburg Prince Gortschakoff has received orders to concentrate his forces for the defence of Odessa and Akerman, should Sebastopol fall, as it is expected that those places would be the next objects of attack.

DIPLOMACY.

The end of the diplomacy between Russia and Austria is, that

The Emperor of Russia has consented to withdraw his troops from the frontiers nominally because Austria desired it, but in reality because he wanted to send his Bessarabian army to the Crimea. Austria has obtained a respite of two or three months, but at the expense of the Western Powers.

Austria and Prussia have been interchanging notes: Austria promising neutrality; and Prussia, consequently, promising that if Austria is attacked by Russia, Prussia will aid Austria.

A letter from Vienna states:—

Prince Gortschakoff has officially announced to Count Buol that Russia is prepared to treat direct with Austria on the basis of the four conditions.

This is here considered a palpable attempt to cause disunion between Austria and the Western Powers.

THE BALTIC FLEET.

The English ships are laid up at Kiel; and Sir C. Napier is lionising at Hamburg. It would appear that this raising of the blockade is somewhat premature.

Letters have been received at Memel from St. Petersburg, with strict orders to our merchants there not to ship any Russian produce for account of St.

Petersburg houses in English bottoms, as the British blockading ships being now mostly withdrawn, it is fully expected that the Russian cruisers will venture out, and endeavour to capture any British merchant vessels that may be found in the Baltic.

PATRIOTIC FUND.

The Patriotic Fund Meetings are continuing; and the total sum raised is enormous.

It is curious that the only failure, among the meetings, is that which has occurred in the imperial city of Westminster. The High-Bailiff called a meeting for Thursday; and only about twenty persons attended! Lord Aberdeen, the Bishop of London, Mr. Cardwell, and Sir John Shelley, were in attendance; and by their advice the High-Bailiff adjourned the meeting to a future day, promising that he would advertise better.

THE AFFAIR OF THE 25TH OF OCTOBER.

We take the account of the gallant affair of the 25th from the correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Russell, whose graphic pen is making him famous:—

At half-past seven o'clock this morning an orderly came galloping in to the head-quarters camp from Balaklava, with the news that at dawn a strong corps of Russian horse, supported by guns and battalions of infantry, had marched into the valley, and had already nearly dispossessed the Turks of the redoubt No. 1 (that on Canrobert's hill, which is farthest from our lines), and that they were opening fire on the redoubts Nos. 2, 3, and 4, which would speedily be in their hands unless the Turks offered a stouter resistance than they had done already.

Orders were despatched to Sir George Cathcart and to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge to put their respective divisions, the 4th and the 1st, in motion for the scene of action, and intelligence of the advance of the Russians was also furnished to General Canrobert. Immediately on receipt of the news the general commanded General Bosquet to get the 3rd division under arms, and sent a strong body of artillery and some 200 Chasseurs d'Afrique to assist us in holding the valley. Sir Colin Campbell, who was in command of Balaklava, had drawn up the 93rd Highlanders a little in front of the road to the town at the first news of the advance of the enemy. The marines on the heights got under arms; the seamen's batteries and marines' batteries, on the heights close to the town, were manned, and the French artillery-men and the Zouaves prepared for action along their lines. Lord Lucan's little camp was the scene of great excitement. The men had not had time to water their horses; they had not broken their fast from the evening of the day before, and had barely saddled at the first blast of the trumpet, when they were drawn up on the slope behind the redoubts in front of their camp to operate on the enemy's squadrons. It was soon evident that no reliance was to be placed on the Turkish infantry or artillerymen. All the stories we had heard about their bravery behind stone walls and earthworks proved how differently the same or similar people fight under different circumstances. When the Russians advanced the Turks fired a few rounds at them, got frightened at the distance of their supports in the rear, looked round, received a few shots and shell, and then "bolted," and fled with an agility quite at variance with common-place notions of Oriental deportment on the battle-field. But Turks on the Danube are very different beings from Turks in the Crimea, as it appears that the Russians of Sebastopol are not at all like the Russians of Silichia.

Soon after 8 Lord Raglan and his staff turned out and cantered towards the rear of our position. The booming of artillery, the spattering roll of musketry, were heard rising from the valley, drowning the roar of the siege guns in front before Sebastopol. As I rode in the direction of the firing over the thistles and large stones which cover the undulating plain that stretches away towards Balaklava, on a level with the summit of the ridges above it, I observed a French light infantry regiment (the 27th, I think) advancing with admirable care and celerity from our right towards the ridge near the telegraph-house, which was already lined by companies of French infantry, while mounted officers scampered along its broken outline in every direction.

General Bosquet, a stout soldier-like-looking man, who reminds one of the old *genre* of French generals as depicted at Versailles, followed, with his staff and a small escort of Hussars, at a gallop. Faint white clouds rose here and there above the hill from the cannonade below. Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapours still hung around the mountain tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke; the patch of sea sparkled freshly in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below.

Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain passes near the Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least 20 pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns in front of the infantry were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares,

three on each flank, moving down *en échelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres and lance points and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin deep by the earthworks which run along the line of these ridges on our rear, but the quick-eyed Russians were manoeuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up the Russians had carried No. 1 redoubt, the farthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and redoubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 93rd Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93rd had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava, but the horsehoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the Lancers and Light Cavalry of the Russians advanced they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslems quivering on the plain, split through and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt. There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries which are placed along the French intrenchments strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight, and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1500 men along the ridge—Lancers and Dragoons and Hussars. Then they move *en échelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that thin red streak topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley at 800 yards, and run. As the Russians come within 600 yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great—the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards with the whole force of horse and man, through the smoke, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within 150 yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Brave Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently a *corps d'élite*—were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierce through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword blades in the air, and then the Greys and the red-coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and dashed on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm of officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scene of their positive triumph, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say "Well done." The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely," was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about 35 killed and wounded in both affairs (the second will be detailed subsequently). Major Clarke was slightly wounded, and had a narrow escape from a sabre cut at the back of his head. Lieut.-Colonel Griffiths retired after the first charge, having been wounded at the back of the head. Cornet Prendergast was wounded in the foot. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

In the Royal Horse Artillery we had a severe, but I am glad to say a temporary loss. Captain Maude, who directed the service of his guns with his usual devotedness and dauntless courage, was struck in the arm by a shell which burst at his saddle-bow and killed his horse.

In the joy of all the army it is ascertained that he is doing well on board ship. After the charge, Captain Sir Hen. Arthur Hardinge came galloping up to Lord Raglan with the news of what the cavalry had done. He had been sent with orders to Lord Lucan, and at the moment of the charge he had joined the Greys and led them into the Russian columns. He was an object of envy to all his friends on the staff while he was in animated language the glorious events of those brilliant five minutes.

At 10 o'clock the Guards and Highlanders of the 1st division were seen moving towards the plains from their camp. The Duke of Cambridge came up to Lord Raglan for orders, and his Lordship, ready to give the honour of the day to Sir Colin Campbell, who commands at Balaklava, told his Royal Highness to place himself under the direction of the Brigadier. At 10 40 the 4th division also took up their position in advance of Balaklava. The cavalry were then on the left front of our position, facing the enemy; the light cavalry brigade was on the left flank forward; the heavy cavalry brigade *en échelon* in reserve, with guns on the right; the 4th Dragoons and 5th Dragoons and Greys at the left of the brigade, the Enniskillens and 3rd Dragoons on the right. The 4th division took up ground in the centre; the Guards and Highlanders filed towards the extreme right, and faced the redoubts, to which the Russians opened on them with such guns as had not been spiked.

At 10 50 General Canrobert, attended by his staff, and Brigadier-General Rose, rode up to Lord Raglan, and the staffs of the two generals and their escorts singled together in praise of the magnificent charge of cavalry, while the chiefs apart conversed over the operations of the day, which promised to be one of battle. The Russian cavalry, followed by our shot, had fled in confusion, leaving the ground covered with horses and men. In carrying an order early in the day, Mr. Blunt, Lord Lucan's interpreter, and son of our Consul in Thessaly, had a narrow escape. His horse was killed; he seized a Russian charger as it galloped past him, but the horse carried him almost into the Russian cavalry, and he only saved himself by leaping into a redoubt among a number of frightened Turks who were praying to Allah on their bellies. I should mention here that the Turks who had been rallied on the flanks of the 93rd, fled at the approach of the Russians without firing a shot. At 10 55 a body d'assaut, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, passed down to the plain, and were loudly cheered by our men. They took a ground in advance of the ridges on our left.

And now occurred the melancholy catastrophe which fills us all with sorrow. It appears that the Quarter-master-General, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the light cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horse had fled, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, 15th Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, fearing his lordship "to advance" his cavalry nearer to the enemy. A braver soldier than Captain Nolan in my opinion did not possess. He was known to all his men of the service for his entire devotion to his profession, and his name must be familiar to all who take interest in our cavalry for his excellent work, published a year ago, on our drill and system of remount and breaking horses. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and I have entertained the most exalted opinions respecting the capabilities of the English horse soldier. Truly led, the British Hussar and Dragoon could, in his mind, break square, take batteries, ride over columns of infantry, and pierce any other cavalry in the world all they were made of straw. He thought they had had the opportunity of doing all that was in their power, and that they had missed even such chances as had offered to them—that in fact, they were in some measure disgraced. A matchless horseman and a生猛 swordsmen, he held in contempt, I am afraid, grape and canister. He rode off with his orders to Lord Lucan. He is now dead and gone. God forbid I should cast a shade on the brightness of his honour, but I am bound to state what I am told occurred when he received his lordship. I should premise that as the British cavalry retired, their infantry fell back towards the head of the valley, leaving men in three of the villages they had taken, and abandoning the fourth. They had also placed some guns on the heights over their position, on the left of the gorge. Their cavalry joined the reserves, and drew up in six solid divisions, in an oblique line, across the entrance to the gorge. Six battalions of infantry were placed behind them, and about 30 guns were drawn up along their line, while masses of infantry were also collected on the hills behind the redoubts on our right. Our cavalry had moved up to the ridge across the valley, on our left, as the ground was broken in front, and had halted in the order I have already mentioned. When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan and had read it, he asked, we are told, "Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed with his finger to the line of the Russians, and said, "There are the enemy, and there are the guns, before them; it is your duty to take them," or words to that effect, according to the statements made since his death. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving

that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble Earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against him. Don Quixote in his tilt against the windmill was not near so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared without a thought to rush on almost certain death. It is the maxim of war, that "cavalry never act without a support," that "infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous," and that it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous. The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length. At 11 10 our light cavalry brigade rushed to the front. They numbered as follows, as well as I can ascertain:—

4th Light Dragoons	118	Men.
8th Irish Hussars	104	104
11th Prince Albert's Hussars	110	110
13th Light Dragoons	130	130
17th Lancers	145	145
Total.		607 sabres.

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they passed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—desuetude. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1,200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from 30 iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken, it is joined by the second, they never halt nor check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those 30 guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demigods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At 11 35 not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of those bloody Muscovite guns. Our loss, as far as it could be ascertained, in killed, wounded, and missing at two o'clock to day, was as follows:—

	Went into	Returned	
	Action.	from	Loss.
	Strong.	Action.	
4th Light Dragoons...	118	39	79
8th Hussars	104	38	66
11th Hussars	110	25	85
13th Light Dragoons	130	61	69
17th Lancers	145	35	110
	607	198	409

It is not certain that all these were killed, wounded, or missing; many may still come in, and about 80 wounded have already returned. Captain Nolan was killed by the first shot fired, as he rode in advance of the Hussars, cheering them on. Lord Lucan was slightly wounded. Lord Cardigan received a lance thrust through his clothes.

At 11 a.m. the Russians, feeling alarmed at our steady advance and at the symptoms of our intention to turn off their right, retired from No. 1 redoubt, which was taken possession of by the Allies. At 11 15 they abandoned the redoubt No. 2, blowing up the magazine; and, as we still continued to advance, they blew up and abandoned No. 3 at 11 45, but, to our great regret, we were not in time nor in force to prevent their taking off seven out of nine guns in these earthworks. At 11 48 the Russian line of infantry all began to retire slowly, and a strong portion of it crept up the hills behind the 1st redoubt, which still belongs to them, in the hope that we would attack them in that position; but it was not our desire to risk a battle, and we had already found out that our position was too large to be readily defended. We made up our minds, therefore, to let the Russians have redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and even 4 if they liked, and to content ourselves with keeping Balaklava and the communication with it open by the westerly and southerly heights behind our camp. The artillery on the right of 1st division fired shot and rockets at the 1st redoubt, but could not do much good, nor could the heavy guns of the batteries near the town carry so far as to annoy the Russians. At 12 o'clock the greater portion of the French and English moved on more rapidly, and an accession to the strength of our artillery was made by two French batteries, who pushed on towards the front of our left in support of their cavalry. The first division remained still in line along the route to Balaklava. From 12 to 12 15 not a shot was fired on either side, but the Russians gathered up their forces towards the heights over the gorge, and, still keeping their cavalry on the plain, manoeuvred in front on our right.

The *Morning Herald* publishes a letter from an officer of the light brigade, who was in the charge:

We all knew that the thing was desperate before we started, and it was even worse than we thought. In our front, about a mile and a half off, were several lines of Russian cavalry and nine guns—to get at which we had to pass along a wide valley, with the ground a little falling, and in itself favourable enough for a charge of cavalry; but the sloping hills on each side gave the enemy an opportunity (which they used) of placing guns on both our flanks as we advanced; and not only guns, but infantry with Minié rifles.

However, there was no hesitation, down our fellows went at the gallop—through a fire in front and on both flanks, which emptied our saddles and knocked over our horses by scores. I do not think that one man flinched in the whole brigade—though every one allows that so hot a fire was hardly ever seen. We went right on, cut down the gunners at their guns (the Russians worked the guns till we were within ten yards of them)—went on still, broke a line of cavalry in rear of the guns, and drove it back on the third line. But here our bolt was shot; the Russians formed four deep, and our thin and broken ranks, and blown horses, could not attempt to break through them, particularly as the Russian cavalry had got round our flanks, and were prepared to charge our rear (with fresh men.) We broke back through them, however, and then had to run the gauntlet through the cross fire of artillery and Minié rifles back to our own lines, with their cavalry hanging on our flank. The heavy brigade, which had made a good charge of its own in the morning, covered our coming out of action, and lost some men from the artillery.

There is no concealing the thing—the light brigade was greatly damaged, and for nothing; or though we killed the gunners and the horses of nine 12-pounders, we could not bring them away. Nolan (who brought the order) is dead. The first shell that burst hit him in the breast. He gave a loud cry, his horse turned, trotted back (with him still in the saddle) between the first and second squadrons of the 18th, and carried him so for some way, when he fell dead. He was hit in the heart.

In the two leading regiments, including Lord Cardigan (who led in person) and his staff, we had 19 officers. Only three came out of action untouched both man and horse; all the others were killed, wounded, or prisoners, or had their horses hurt. The 17th had no field officers, but five captains. They came out of action commanded by the junior captain, I believe. Morris is severely wounded; Winter is supposed to be killed; Webb is shot through the thigh; White through the leg; Thompson is supposed to be killed, &c. One of Lord Cardigan's aides-de-camp is wounded—Maxse; the other, Lockwood, is missing, and supposed to be killed. We have lost about 335 horses (exclusive of officers' horses), out of little more than 600, which we (the light brigade) had in the field; besides that, a great number are wounded with gun-shot wounds, and about 25 have already been destroyed, and more will. It was a bitter moment after we broke through the line of cavalry in rear of their guns, when I looked round and saw there was no support beyond our own brigade, which, leading

in the smoke, had diverged, and scarcely filled the ground. We went on, however, and hoped that their own men flying would break the enemy's line and drive them into the river. When I saw them form four deep, instead, I knew it was "all up," and called out to the men to rally. At this moment a solitary squadron of the 8th came up in good order. This saved the remnant of us; for we rallied to them, and they, wheeling about, charged a line which the Russians had formed in our rear. You never saw men behave so well as our men did. As we could not hold our ground, all our dead and badly wounded were left behind, and we know not who are dead or who are prisoners. All this makes me miserable, even to write; but it is the naked truth. Our loss in men is not so great as that in horses; for men whose horses were shot in the advance got back on foot. I hear from a man who dined with Lord Raglan to-day, that they do us justice at head-quarters, and say that our attack was an unheard-of feat at arms, and that Lord Raglan says that the moral effect has been wonderful.

THE AFFAIR OF THE 26TH.
(From the Correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*.)

On Thursday, the 26th, the Russians, elated by the easy success gained over the Turks the preceding day, ventured upon an attack on the British lines. Towards noon, three large columns of the enemy were perceived advancing along a ravine which runs to the extreme right of our position. The 2nd, 1st (Guards alone), and light divisions instantly stood to arms, and awaited until the enemy should declare his intentions. The appearance of the Russians was, in the first moment, considered a mere feint, having for object the withdrawal of our attention from the real point of their attack—Balaklava. The enemy, however, ascended the ravine, and, forming in line, advanced steadily on the encampment of the 2nd British division.

The enemy, whose strength must have exceeded nine thousand infantry, with a numerous artillery, had no sooner entered within range of our guns, which, 18 in number, had taken up their position, than the word "Fire" was given, and a volley of shell tore open his ranks, and checked his advance. The guns were reloaded, and a second discharge, no less severe in its execution, caused the enemy to wheel round and retire. The Lancaster gun in Captain Peel's battery was enabled to pour showers of grape into the enemy's lines. A few rockets, dexterously discharged, transformed this retreat into a rout. The Russian ranks gradually reeled, and concluded in breaking. The breast of the hill was covered with fugitives, who were rapidly pursued by our skirmishers. Sir de Lacy Evans had, in the meanwhile, ordered his division (the 2nd) to advance, and follow up the retreating enemy. This was done with the utmost zeal and delight on the part of officers and men. Regiment after regiment started after the flying foe at a rattling pace, and the chase in itself was both novel and exhilarating. The officers endeavoured to preserve the dignity of a British charge, but, for once, in vain. Their "Steady, boys," and "Keep in line," were only half listened to, in the eagerness to come up with the enemy, and settle scores with him for many a false and wearisome night alarm. A mass of brushwood soon interfered with the line movement, and the men then pursued, skirmishing. The Russians were overtaken at the crest of the hill, and a heavy musketry fire was exchanged. The Russians continued their flight, and entered Sebastopol. General Gortschakoff commanded this movement, and was wounded in the hip. Above eighty prisoners were brought in by the skirmishers, including three officers.

In the above smart action more than two hundred Russians were discovered dead on the ground, with a large quantity of muskets, sabres, and other trophies. The Russian columns were led on with great intrepidity by their mounted officers, who were seen to urge their men forward.

On approaching within range of our artillery, the Russians slanted their columns to the left in a serpentine manner, and, witnessing the preparations made to receive them, they withdrew their field-pieces to the rear. Had it not been for the dashing activity of our skirmishers, the enemy would have retired without engaging. This little triumph has greatly raised the spirits of the men, who had not had a brush since Alma. The artillery was beautifully served, and threw some shells with wonderful precision.

RUSSIAN ACCOUNT OF ALMA.

The *Journal de St. Petersbourg* repudiates most of the assertions made by St. Arnaud in his account of the battle of Alma. In the first place it is contended that the Russians numbered only 33,000 against nearly 70,000 allies.

"All the heights," says the Marshal, "were capped with redoubts and formidable batteries." In reality the whole was reduced to two simple *éperonments*, one of which was at our centre with 12 guns of position, the other on our right flank with 10 light field pieces.

"Prince Menschikoff," says the Marshal, "left his carriage. I have taken it with his portfolio and correspondence. I shall profit by the valuable intelligence I find in it." The following is the truth. Prince Menschikoff lost no carriage, nor any correspondence belonging to him. Every equipage belonging to head-quarters had

been previously taken to a place of safety. The only capture that could therefore have fallen into the enemy's hands was a clerk attached to head-quarters, who left Sebastopol on the very day of the battle to rejoin the prince. This clerk was the bearer of a certain number of route papers in blank, and a few other papers of no great importance. Nothing has been known hitherto respecting his fate. The probability therefore is, that it is his capture that has occasioned the mistake.

"The enemy's commanders professed to have lavished the most prompt attention on our wounded. We do not deny in any manner their humane feelings, nor their sincere wish to put them in practice. But it is publicly notorious that the enemy's army was without a sufficient number of surgeons. His own wounded would very naturally have the preference before our own. Hence, it is but too true, that several of our wounded who remained in the power of the enemy, rejoined our army during the course of the following day, of the day after that, and even of the fourth day after, without having had their wounds dressed.

"Lastly, Marshal Saint Arnaud asserts, that it was the want of cavalry that prevented his pursuing us. The truth is, that the enemy's cavalry did indeed try to attack us, and even to turn our right flank, but it was our hussars that forced it to retire."

LETTERS FROM SAILORS.

THE AGAMEMNON.

The following have been received during the week from the friends of the writers in Salisbury and neighbourhood, and have appeared in the *Salisbury Journal*:

"On Board H. M. ship Agamemnon,
"Off Sebastopol, Black Sea, Oct. 18th, 1854.

"I have but very little time just to inform you, that through God's mercy, I am safe and quite well, having escaped unhurt after one of the most severe engagements on record. Our loss is not so great as might be expected, but our ship is in a very sad pickle, our rigging is all cut, and many other parts shot away, and greatly damaged; we were engaged about four hours. Our old Admiral ran close under the enemy's guns, dropped two anchors, and at it we went. In a very short time a large fort nearest to us went up into the air with a most terrific crash; the guns of our own ship, the other shipping and forts kept up a deafening roar of thunder, so that we all, from the Admiral to the smallest boy in the ship, had our work while it lasted. I can assure you I was glad when we slipped our cables and hauled off. The place has not yet surrendered, but before to-morrow night I hope all the fighting in the Black Sea will be finished. I don't think we shall be able to go into action again yet, for yesterday's peppering will take us a good week to patch up a bit. As I am writing this, the guns are blazing from other shipping and the forts. Before you receive this you will have a full account in the papers."

Oct. 23rd, 1854.

"Our noble ship got severely damaged, our rigging was almost cut in pieces from the murderous fire of the enemy's forts. We have been repairing and patching ever since the action. To give you some remote idea of what we did, I have just made inquiries, and find that during the four or five hours we were engaged, we fired 2,658 rounds of ammunition on the astonished Russians, besides the other ships of ours and of the French; but I must also tell you that you must remember that only one side of a ship can fire at a time, when anchored alongside a fort."

October 22nd, 1854.

"We ceased firing, and the action closed at 10 p.m., after silencing all but two guns at Fort Constantine, and disabling it to such an extent, by the breaches made, that it will be entirely unserviceable. This movement was to occupy and draw part of the troops in Sebastopol from that in which our troops were engaged, and by that means lessen their strength in that point, and by silencing these forts, to a certain extent, was of great service to Lord Raglan. We had 4 killed and 25 wounded; other ships suffered more in consequence of being so far off. Had we been 200 yards further off, our loss would have been fearful; God in his infinite mercy ordained it otherwise. Our casualties were in going in; the Albion and Arthusa suffered most. The total of casualties in the English fleet was 46 killed and 240 wounded, the French about the same. Several shots struck the Agamemnon in going in: one lodged in her side, in our mess berth, a very good direction for our engine room. Had it come through, God only knows where the end would have been; there was a Providence in it. After we got in and anchored it was mostly confined to the rigging and spars, which were very much cut to pieces. Being so close in they could not depress their guns to bear on the hull of the ship from the thickness of the walls."

RUSSIAN WOMEN.—A sailor on board the Tribune writes:—"Dear parents, I will now tell you of a nice little cruise we had last week. Eight ships, four English and four French, went down the coast to a place called Yalta, where we heard there were a great many guns, and that the place was strongly fortified; but when we got there there was not a gun to be seen; so we got all our boats out and we all landed under arms just like soldiers, excepting that we could not march very straight,

and there was no such thing as trying to keep us together well. When we were all landed we amounted to one thousand strong. Our captain had charge of the party, which we called the flat-foot militia or *shashlik* of our wearing no shoes. The order was given to march, and away we went. The women on shore thought we were going to kill them, and when we came up to them they began screaming and kissing our feet, and hollering down to us, but instead of us killing them we received the compliment, by not exactly kissing their feet, but our jolly tars took them round the neck and kissed their lips, so they soon found out that we did not intend to kill them; but if we had come across any soldiers they would stand a nasty chance of being kissed, I can tell you. So we got some government stores, and left the place, and returned to the fleet, and were much satisfied with our cruise."

INCIDENTS—OPINIONS.

WHY THE FIRING PRODUCED NO FIRE.—The fact is, Sebastopol is very safe from fire. All the principal buildings, and nearly all the second-rate houses are built of stone; and to this cause must be attributed the little success which has attended our efforts to fire any part of it.—*Morning Herald Correspondent*.

THE SCOTS GREYS.—In the account, in the *Times*, of the 25th, one incident is overlooked—a report of which is supplied by the *Morning Chronicle*. This charge was before the "great charge":—"The unflinching courage and self-confidence exhibited by the brave 93rd were beyond commendation; but when did the Highland bonnets ever waver? Impulsed by one British infantry regiment, the Russian cavalry reformed, and dashed forward against the Scots Greys, who were getting into saddle. The Greys went forward to meet the onset, but, owing to the tent ropes and other impediments of the encampment, were unable to attain the speed desirable for a dashing charge. Fortunately, the very same impediments caused the enemy to slacken pace, and the Greys had time to break into a kind of canter, and to charge. The numbers opposed to the Scots Greys were in the proportion of six to one; and the enemy, opening their ranks before the gallant Greys, received them in their midst, and then closed in upon them. For several minutes the bearskins disappeared from sight, but at last the bellicose circle sprung asunder, similar to a bursting shell, and the red coats appeared driving before them, in headlong flight, the routed enemy. The struggle had been a fearful one, and at first the Russians, encouraged by their formidable numerical superiority, fought furiously. Daunted, and at length routed by the heroic bravery of these 280 British sabres, the enemy galloped back in disorder towards the captured redoubts. The Greys were, of course, unable to pursue light cavalry; but had our light horse taken the flying Russians in the flank, as was very feasible, not only would the enemy have been cut off from the main body, and have been either captured or destroyed, but also the catastrophe which occurred later would have been avoided."

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?—There are various opinions as to the light brigade affair. The *Morning Chronicle* correspondent writes, representing the excitement of the day after:—"Never was more wild murder committed than in ordering an advance against such fearful odds and certain destruction. The popular voice has united in ascribing this great calamity to Captain Nolan. If the latter was indeed to blame, he has paid, poor fellow, the penalty of his impetuous courage. Like many another heroic officer, he fell on the field of battle, and in his last moments buried the finest rider and one of the noblest spirits in the British service. But what baffles the understanding is, in what respect Captain Nolan, whose position was merely that of aide-de-camp, should thus have proved the unwitting instrument of the light brigade's destruction. Before entering into so fearful a contest the Earl of Lucan would have naturally awaited written instructions from the Commander-in-Chief. Either he received these from Lord Raglan—in which case his lordship would risk losing his well-earned reputation for prudence and caution—or he undertook the responsibility of the act himself. If, as it is said, the noble earl was influenced either by the petulance or the eager spirit of Captain Nolan, he was to blame, for a commanding officer is supposed to possess sufficient self-command and certain discretionary powers."

LORD CARDIGAN.—In the *melée* on the 25th, Lord Cardigan and his horse were thrown heels over head over a gun, and he narrowly avoided being speared by the Cossacks, but he providentially escaped. It would appear that Lord Cardigan had already, in the campaign, got a character for recklessness. A soldier in the 8th Hussars, writing to Mr. H. Berkeley, M.P. (who has published the letter), says:—"Immediately after landing we saddled, and Lord Cardigan took us and the 17th Lancers about fifteen miles up the country. Such a mad-brained trick I should think was never played before. We started at ten o'clock in the morning; at length we stopped at a Russian village about fifteen miles from

the place we started from; here we fed our horses and remained an hour—in fact, it was getting quite dark before we thought of going back. We came over gigantic mountains, and as we were to go back the same way it struck us all how easily we could be attacked, and the whole of us cut to pieces by men who knew the country; and, to mend the matter, Lordship forgot the road. When we came up in the afternoon we had an immense sheet of salt water to ford, but it was only a foot and a half deep; on returning, when we came to the water, we found that instead of a foot and a half deep it was about five feet deep. We made a détour to the right, and found that the tide had, in our absence, come in, and the place we had forded in the morning was four feet deep. We were obliged then to make another détour to our extreme left, and at length got to a place where the water was only three feet deep, but it was nearly a quarter of a mile across. I thought how only we could have been cut off when we were wandering about in search of a ford. When we got back to the beach it was twelve o'clock, and the night very dark; our horses were picketed, and for the first time I slept without a covering over me, but I slept as soundly as if I was in a decent bed, and the dashing of the waters on the beach served to make me sleep sounder. We had to get up at three in the morning, after about two hours' sleep; we sallied in the dark, and then learnt that we should not march until eight o'clock, which was afterwards changed to twelve. We took the road to Sebastopol, and stopped at a deserted village which had recently undergone pillage by the French, encamped near it (that is the 8th and 11th Hussars, the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons, the 17th Lancers, and two troops of Horse Artillery), under the command of the Earl of Cardigan, but, to the satisfaction of all of us, the Earl of Lucan came up the same evening and assumed the command." A private letter from a soldier says—"Lord Cardigan was the very first in the battery."

A TRAITOR.—Among other facts of note our soldiers will regret to hear that a traitor from the English camp, an American sailor, serving under Captain Peel, deserted to the enemy, and gave important information in regard to the position of the English trenches.

ATTACK BY RUSSIAN HONSES.—A letter of the 27th says:—"A very heavy musketry fire was heard from the camp last night. It was caused by a troop of Russian horses, who had broken their picket ropes, and dashed into the French line. The Zouaves received the charge with a fearful musket fire, which brought down many of the animals, and our two batteries (Marine) before Balaklava opened a cross-fire upon the supposed foe. Our cavalry stood to arms. After half an hour's well-sustained fire, it was discovered that the horses were without riders. Much amusement was created by this little night-mare. Above 160 capital horses were secured, including a general's charger, with very fine harness."

A RUSSIAN HERO.—An act of heroic bravery is related of a young Russian officer, which merits honorable mention. Disguised as a British soldier, with twelve devoted companions, he succeeded during the night in approaching a French battery, and spiking four guns. The heroic little band was, I almost regret to say, all cut to pieces, after achieving the noble and incredible exploit.

AFTER THE 25TH.—As a matter of course, the field of the spots where the cavalry contests had taken place was a horrible sight; more so from the peculiar ghastly nature of sabre wounds. In such places the dead and dying men and horses literally covered the ground. Both ourselves and the enemy appear to have had two horses killed or wounded for one man. This gave the field an unusually sanguinary appearance, very likely to mislead those not at the spot. I have always imagined that split skulls and cloven heads were figures of speech until to-day, when I have, indeed, been terribly convinced of the reality of such horrors. Some of the dead to-day had their heads as completely cloven as if the operation was performed by a surgeon with a saw. Nearly all the Russians were so killed. Our fellows had been principally slain with lance thrusts; I saw one body with thirteen such wounds through the chest and stomach. Another man had six, all which were mere flesh wounds and not dangerous. The same man (in the 17th Lancers), extraordinary and incredible as it may appear, had two horses killed under him, one or two sabre and bullet wounds in his cap, his sword bent double in its sheath by a single bullet, five bullets in his saddle, one in his horse's staff, and sword cuts innumerable.—Morning Herald Correspondent.

McGRIE.—A private of the 33rd, by name McGrie, has attracted the notice of the Commander-in-Chief by an act of daring. He was in advance as a sharpshooter, and was made prisoner. He was being marched away between two Russian soldiers, a third being in rear, when, seeing his guard for a moment careless and looking in another direction, he suddenly seized a loaded musket from one of the

two men at his side and discharged it at him. No sooner had he done this than he swung round the butt-end, and with it struck the second man on the other side a blow on the head, which felled him to the ground. The third Russian decamped, and McGrie effected his escape. He was at the time within a hundred yards of the Russian lines. His own Minie, which had been taken from him, was being carried by one of the two men by his side; but he knew this had been discharged, and therefore seized a musket from the other soldier, which fortunately turned out to be loaded. The affair was witnessed by a sergeant of the rifle brigade, and, in consequence of his report, Lord Raglan awarded McGrie a gratuity of £5.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S BLESSING.—On the 24th of October the first two regiments of the Fourth Infantry-Corps left Odessa for the Crimea, and before they began their march they were addressed as follows by the Archbishop Innocent, in the presence of Generals Annenkoff, Pauloff, and Ochterlone:—"Victorious warriors, adorers of Christ! Adorers of Christ, and therefore victorious! You have not been able to rest long after your fatigues and exertions on the other side of the Danube. The voice of the Emperor directs your steps to the Taurida, to punish and defeat an arrogant enemy, who, blinded by malice and pride, has crossed the sea and invaded our ancient country, the cradle of that Christianity which is spread throughout Russia, and the place where the Grand Duke Vladimir was baptised. God will be present in your ranks, and invisible angels will do battle with you. The enemy, who came by one path, will attempt to fly by ten, but he cannot escape, as he is already surrounded. He will willingly return to his home on the wings of the wind; but he has been taken by surprise by our brave troops, and cannot do so. It is only necessary to give him the final blow, and to throw him as a corpse into the sea. This honour is reserved for you. Hasten then, and to the joy of Russia, and the glory of our beloved Monarch, take advantage of the rare opportunity."

IMPERIAL GRATITUDE TO KORNILEFF.—Accounts from St Petersburg state the great public sympathy shown, on the death of Admiral Kornileff becoming known, towards his widow. The Emperor and Empress have both sent her letters of condolence. The following is a translation of the Emperor's letter from the *St. Petersburg Journal*:—"The glorious death of your husband has robbed our fleet of a distinguished Admiral, and myself of one of my most beloved fellow-labourers, whom I had fixed upon to follow up the successful labours of Michael Lasarew. To the mourning of the whole fleet, and the sincere sharing by all in your grief, I cannot add more in honour of the remembrance of the deceased than to repeat with respect his last words. He said, 'I feel happy in dying for my country.' Russia will not forget these words, and the honoured name of your children will stand foremost in the history of the Russian navy.—I remain your ever well affected, NICHOLAS.—Gatchina, October 26." The Empress, in her letter of condolence, has named Madame Kornileff one of the ladies of the order of the "Holy Grand Martyress Catherine," of the second class, the insignia of which order were enclosed in the auto-graph communication. The Russians look upon the death of Kornileff as a severe loss to the navy.

THE GALLANT YOUNGS.—In the newspaper Obituary we find this sad fact:—"Of cholera, before Sebastopol, Sir George J. Young, Bart., Lieutenant Royal Artillery, brother of Sir Wm. Norris Young, Bart., 23rd Fusiliers, killed at the battle of the Alma, aged 19."

THE FRENCH HOSPITALS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The *Constitutionnel* says:—"We have now at Constantinople eight very vast hospitals, all comfortably fitted up, and all in delightful situations. To each hospital are attached a chaplain and several sisters of charity, who continue to be models of activity and devotedness. They pay as much delicate attention to the sick as the latter could find in their own families. The physicians display incredible activity, and their zeal is almost always recompensed by the greatest success. After the French medical service was installed in the buildings of the Russian consulate (the keys of which M. de Bruck, the Austrian minister, would only give up on the written demand of the Porte), the French demanded the palace of the embassy to turn into an hospital. But the Sultan did not think it right to accede to this wish. 'When my palaces are not sufficient,' said he to the person who spoke to him on the subject, 'you may then occupy that of Russia.' It is known that he has already given up to the French an immense building, one of the dependencies of the seraglio, and that it has been turned into a magnificent hospital. On the whole, we repeat that our sick and wounded are taken as much care of as they could be in France."

THE TWO GRAND DUKES.—The two grand dukes sons of the Emperor Nicholas, whose arrival at Sebastopol is mentioned in General Canrobert's report of the battle of the 5th instant, hold high rank in the Russian army. The Grand Duke

Nicholas, third son of the Emperor, is 23 years of age. He is inspector-general of the engineering department, aide-de-camp of the Emperor, titular colonel of a regiment of dragoons, of a regiment of grenadiers, and of the regiment of cuirassiers of Astrakan. He is besides proprietor of the 2nd regiment of Austrian hussars, and chief of the 5th regiment of Prussian cuirassiers. The Grand Duke Michael, fourth son of the Czar, is 22 years of age. He has the title of quartermaster-general of the artillery, is commander of the 2nd brigade of artillery of the Imperial Guard, aide-de-camp of the Emperor, colonel of a regiment of lancers, of a regiment of dragoons, and of a regiment of horse chasseurs. He is, moreover, proprietor of the 26th regiment of Austrian infantry, and chief of the 4th regiment of Prussian hussars.

IS THIS RUSSIA?—The *Daily News* says:—"Instructions have been received by a firm in Glasgow to negotiate with some founder or founders for the casting of shells to the amount of 2000 tons weight of metal, for a foreign government. For what government the order is to be executed has not transpired. It may be, and most probably is, for a friendly Power; but there can be no harm in the Custom-house keeping its eyes open."

A PATRIOTIC BAND.—A correspondent of the *Times* says:—"A gentleman in Bristol, on applying to the Horse Guards for a commission for his son, was informed that 1200 names were already upon their list, 100 having been the usual number before the war began. What a pity that so much of the best blood and spirit of England should run to waste at this crisis! These young gentlemen, who have no doubt set their minds on the army and will not take to any other profession, are unhappily doomed to languish away their lives, to the annoyance of their friends and fellow-countrymen, in the vain hope that somehow or other they will eventually get a commission, which not one, I suppose, in twenty can ever actually obtain. Under such circumstances, why should not the Government form a 'patriotic band,' in which no privates should serve who were beneath the rank of a gentleman, to be tested, not only by position in society, but by a liberal education, and the officers of which should be persons of a still higher rank, or, what would perhaps be better, officers selected from other corps for distinguished bravery and high military acquirements?"

THE NEW ARM.—There has been some talk in military circles respecting the new musket, which is being extensively introduced into some of the continental armies, particularly that of Austria, and it is rumoured that a large number are being manufactured in Belgium for the British Government. The abrupt adoption of new weapons is, as a rule, deprecated; and it should be remembered that we have yet to ascertain how the Minie rifle will work in the field.—*United Service Gazette*.

SUPPRESSION OF BETTING HOUSES.

SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN'S Bill has proved no more effective than was expected. Recent proceedings have proved its general inutility.

A few days since, Superintendent Pearce went to the Rising Sun public house, and captured 114 persons who were assembled in a room, and evidently engaged in betting transactions. Various papers were scattered about, all relating to "coming events," and similar papers were found on many of the occupants. A waiter, named Ryan, appeared to be in authority; he was "assisting" and supplying refreshments. At the first examination, 44 of the defendants were discharged, and 70 liberated on their own personal recognizances.

On a second examination before Mr. Jardine, at Bow Street, Mr. Huddleston, for the defendants, contended that the Act did not refer to cases like that in question, where the proceedings were precisely similar to those carried on at many of the club-houses, and also at Tattersall's. He thought the Act was intended to suppress those offices where the proprietor kept a sort of bank, and received deposits. Mr. Morby was not even at home when his house was cleared, but he was, however, in Court to answer any charge that might be brought.

Mr. Jardine was in a dilemma. He said, the police were fully justified in what they had done by the 12th section of the act. But the question arose, what was to be done with the defendants after they were taken? This involved two considerations—firstly, in regard to those who were found there betting; and, secondly, with respect to the managers who were assisting. Under the Police Act, all the persons engaged in betting might have been fined £5. each, but there was no reference to the Police Act in the new bill for the suppression of betting-houses. It being clear in his mind, therefore, that the defendants were not proved to have committed any offence legally, upon the evidence before him, he should direct them to be discharged.

No charge was brought against Mr. Morby; it was then Mr. Ryan's turn.

Mr. Huddleston repeated his argument to the effect

that neither the owner nor his servants could be liable to the penalties of the act unless found actually betting with the company.—Mr. Jardine could not adopt the learned counsel's limited interpretation of the 3rd clause, which made any one "assisting" in conducting the business of a house "to which persons resorted" for betting upon races, liable to the penalties. The defendant Ryan must be regarded as "assisting" in conducting the business of the house at the time in question, and, therefore, he should order him to pay a fine of 50/-, or be committed to prison for three months.—Mr. Huddlestorne gave notice of appeal against his worship's decision, and consequently the defendant was admitted to bail.

No. 2, High-street, Newington-butt, has been the theatre of similar operations. There, however, was an undoubted betting-office; but though distinct evidence was given of 10s. having been staked on "Little Harry" at 8 to 1, none of the defendants, except the proprietor, could be touched by the Act. The proprietor, Mr. H. N. Simmonds, was defended at great length by Mr. Clarkson, before Mr. Elliott, at the Lambeth Police Court.

Mr. Clarkson denounced the practices of the betting offices. He admitted that his client made bets—his client admitted it himself—but he contended that the whole case turned on the proprietorship of the house, which was a cigar-shop, with some other name, not his client's, over the door. He referred to the practices at Tattersall's and the Clubs, and did not think that the Legislature meant to suppress betting generally. The defendant had kept the cigar shop, but his lease had expired some months since, and was now held by his sister.

Evidence, however, had been given that the cigar business was carried on by the defendant, who was merely a lodger in the house. Mr. Elliott considered that that came within the meaning of the act. Bets had been made, and records found in defendant's handwriting, and he felt warranted in considering Simmonds guilty of carrying on a certain system of betting which was illegal. He therefore sentenced him to pay a penalty of 20/-, or, in default, a month's imprisonment.

Notice of appeal was given, and bail was accepted.

THE COURT AND PRESS IN DENMARK.

A most happy change (says the *Chronicle* correspondent) has come over the Danish Court, which has to decide the many prosecutions of the press. A new light appears to have broken in upon the judges. They have just given sentence in several cases respecting the *Dagblad* and the *Fædreland*, brought before them by the Ministry, which, you will remember, has publicly announced the Bedlamite doctrine, that every attack upon a minister is, *ipso facto*, an attack against the King, whose servant he is. Thus the purple would have to cover the portfolio, instead of the portfolio shielding the purple, and the King would at once be the direct perpetrator of all the wrong done in his name. Well, the verdict has fallen, and, wonderful to relate, the accused have not been condemned to a heavy fine for speaking the truth. They have been declared not guilty, the costs to be paid by the Crown. It is hoped that the High Court will decide with equal justice should the Cabinet bring these matters before them by appeal.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

ST. PETERSBURG.—On the 27th of October the water in the Neva rose so high during a heavy storm from the west, that the canals in the city were fearfully overflowed, and many streets filled with water therefrom. The cholera appears to have regularly established itself in St. Petersburg, as it has recommended again and thirty new cases have been mentioned as having occurred at the end of October.

BERLIN.—Baron Brunow arrived at Berlin last week, and dined on the 11th with the King of Prussia. The object of his journey was believed to be that of supporting the diplomatic note from St. Petersburg due at Berlin about that time, and from which great things were hoped.

ITALY.—We read in the *Univers*:—"Our letters from Rome are to the 4th. The regiment of dragoons, which has been in garrison there from the commencement of the occupation, and took part in the siege of 1849, has received orders to hold itself in readiness to return to France. As there is no talk of its being replaced, its departure is considered as a step towards a complete evacuation of the Papal States. We have already stated that the only battalion of foot Chasseurs which had been attached to the army of Italy had also returned to France."

A correspondent of the *Morning Post* says:—"A mass of correspondence from M. Mazzini has fallen into the hands of the police of Rome, who, by the aid of their spies in Paris and London, appear to know everything that is taking place. In fact, it is very evident that the Italian exiles have traitors amongst them in all directions." A correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, writing

from Turin, conveys this insolent nonsense to England:—"It is, however, a melancholy fact that the Mazzinians intend again to attempt a repetition of the iniquitous assassinations which disgraced Milan on the 6th of February, 1853. I am led to this conclusion from information which has reached this place from many quarters. Mazzini is in Switzerland, and is busy in reorganising his clubs of demagogues and assassins."

A ROMANCE IN ROME.—The gossip of Rome turns upon a treacherous and murderous onslaught made last week by the Count del Gallo, at Tivoli, upon a young Englishman named Furze, whilst walking with him in the country. A grudge appears to have arisen from the old ingredients of jealous quarrels—flowers and ladies. The count left his rival senseless on the ground, and lost no time in taking his passport for France, where Mr. Furze has pursued him, eager for his "great revenge."

ST.-AULAIRE.—We read the death of Count Saint-Aulaire, formerly French Ambassador at London. The event took place on Monday morning, at his hotel, 61, Rue Saint-Dominique-Saint-Germain. The deceased had attained the age of 77. He was a member of the Institute, and grand officer of the Legion of Honour. Under King Louis Philippe he was successively member of the Chamber of Deputies, Peer of France, and Ambassador at Rome, Vienna, and London. His diplomatic talents were of a very high order, and his literary attainments made him one of the most distinguished members of the Institute.

POPULATION OF RUSSIA.—The following, according to the almanack of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, was the population of Russia at the last census in 1849. The population of Russia in Europe was 60,628,700, and that of the whole of the empire was 66,428,200. It was in 1722, 14,000,000; in 1762, 20,000,000; in 1795, 36,000,000; in 1818, 45,500,000; in 1824, 50,000,000; in 1838, 59,000,000; and in 1842, 62,500,000. These augmentations arise from the conquests of the Crimea, of the Caucasus, Poland, Finland, &c., which additions of territory have more than doubled the extent of the empire in 1722. The augmentation of 4,500,000 between 1818 and 1824, shows an increase of population of one-tenth in six years, and of double in sixty years, according to which calculation M. Stchekoff affirms, that in 1892 Russia will have 230,000,000 inhabitants.

CHINA.

CANTON being still threatened, the trade of the place continued at a stand. Much fighting had recently taken place, but the result was unknown. No further supplies of tea had come down, and none seemed to be expected, although every effort had been made to obtain it, and black mail had been offered at the rate of seven dollars per picul. The anarchy in the interior of the country was said to be increasing.

GREECE.

THE Ministry has been for some time past in a state of crisis. You are aware that it is composed of the fusion of the two parties, English and French; but, as I have often had occasion for observing, those who form the three parties in Greece range themselves under the banners of the different great powers, in order to obtain their protection for their own personal interest, and by no means with the idea of serving the interests of France, England, or Russia. It is, therefore, easily conceived that the policy of these parties does not always agree exactly with that of the power whose name they bear; thus, for instance, while French and English interests are at present intimately connected, the men of the English and French party in Greece are divided, because, in the division of power, each tries to have the greater part. The cholera is very rife at Athens.

SWEDEN.

THE Swedish court carried its vote of credit of 2,500,000 dollars. In the first two chambers no opposition was expected. There was, however, a lively debate in the House of Nobles. Most of the advocates for the grant declared that they could not imagine the money would be spent in useless demonstrations; they regarded it as a war grant, if necessary, and a war could only be against Russia. The Ministers let fall several mystic expressions in the same direction, but they took care not to compromise themselves by any distinct declaration. In the Priests' House matters went still more swimmingly. There was scarcely any discussion. Public interest was chiefly centred in the Third Chamber, the House of Burghers, which, in spite of the caricature system of representation and the miserable dependence of many of the members upon the crown, still, in a far higher degree than the two Upper Houses, reflects the opinions of the middle classes. It was also known that a majority of the members were opposed to the grant. In this extremity the court had recourse to an illegal step, which it has often employed before. It refuses the Parliament, as such, any explanation, but whispers certain statements in the

ears of individual representatives. So in this case. Not the least attempt at a reason or an object has been made respecting this enormous sum. It has simply been demanded for naval and military demonstrations in support of the neutrality. The two Upper Houses know nothing more. But the Third Chamber was treated differently. The day before the debate a number of the members were summoned to a certain high personage, and received from him certain statements which were to serve as explanations. They were to the effect that the grant was not so much to defend the neutrality as to prepare for war; that state secrets could not be divulged; that the Western Powers could not be the enemies of Sweden, and so forth. And this miserable jargon succeeded. These persons were flattered with the "confidence" shown them. They abdicated their dignity and their rights as public representatives in Parliament assembled. They went down to the House and passed the grant by 39 to 15. As to the Fourth Chamber, the House of Yeomen, the Government knew that they had no chance. That House did not even discuss the question; they simply adjourned the debate to a future day. Thus the court has entirely succeeded in its machinations. It has performed exactly the same manoeuvre as the court of Berlin previous to its obtaining the famous subsidy from the Prussian Chamber. A few phrases, afterwards easily explained away or disavowed, and the gold was gained. Sweden, therefore, remains Russian.

SPAIN.

THE *Gazette* publishes a general amnesty granted by the Queen on the occasion of the opening of the Cortes.

It is generally stated that the Queen was received with enthusiasm in opening the Cortes. A Madrid letter says:—

"The partisans of Queen Isabella think, from her Majesty's reception yesterday, that the question of the throne and dynasty must be considered as favourably solved."

On the other hand, the Carlists have been dining together in Paris, and talking openly of having their Christmas dinner in Madrid.

San Miguel—a "Moderate Progressist," has been elected President of the Cortes.

AMERICA.

A RAILWAY accident took place on the Great Western railroad, resulting in the death of 57 persons, and in the wounding of 41 others. It occurred through the neglect of a watchman on the railroad near Chatham, a passenger train running into a ballast train during a fog. Mr. Thomas F. Meagher, who was in the train, escaped uninjured. One locomotive was completely thrown over to the right, the express car thrown over, crushing the first and second class cars into mere splinters, demolishing the next and making a wreck of the third car, and driving in the end of the fourth. The passengers in the last cars escaped with slight bruises. Almost the entire load of the second-class cars were killed or wounded—some cut completely into pieces, others with mangled heads and bodies, and without limbs. The screams and groans of the mangled were awful in the extreme. Every effort was made by the conductor and passengers to relieve the sufferers, but all were not extricated for more than four hours after the collision. Heaps of the dead and wounded were found in the ruins, piled together in all mangled shapes. One poor fellow was cut into two by the express car, his limbs hanging out 15 feet from the side. One of the strangest features of the accident is, that all ballast cars were demolished and piled upon each other, with the tender of the engine stove in. The conductor of the ballast train was in the rear car with his signal light, and a negro boy at his side; the conductor saved himself by jumping, the negro was killed.

AMERICAN PLOTS.

The American letters furnish a supply of that peculiar "romance of real life" which belongs almost to the Atlantic transit, and consists not in events accomplished, but in wonders anticipated. The English Titus Oates cannot sleep for American conspiracies.

The romance, however, has a preface of probability. The *New York Tribune* affirms that the British Government abandons the assertion of a protectorate over Mosquitia, so far as San Juan is concerned, leaving the sovereignty of that place to be settled between the claimants, without doing more than maintain the provisions of the Clayton Bulwer Treaty as regards the freedom of the port and transit route. At the same time the claims of *bona fide* British subjects for damages from the late bombardment of the town will alone be urged by the cabinet of St. James.

The proposed annexation of San Domingo, however, still disturbs the prophetic mind of some earnest

folk. According to the *Baltimore Patriot*, a lady diplomatist, Mrs. Cazneau, "a woman of great talents, unscrupulous character, and power of persuasion," has been specially deputed by General Pierce to win over the Dominicans; a treaty of annexation has been drawn out by the general's own hand; and nothing prevented the assent of the Dominicans, except the discovery of the plot by Sir Robert Schomburg, the British consul. What a romance was to have been here!

The *Charleston Mercury*, however, suggests to a less-sighted Abolitionist a yet further fiction—nothing less than a plot, also Pierce-concocted, to restore the slave trade to the Union. The *Mercury* has a leading article, in which it is argued "that governments have always failed to effect any good by interfering against slavery;" that abolition has blighted the British West Indies, and has aggravated the evils it ought to extinguish; that the slave trade is a natural source of labour for many states, and that it operates to bring the savage within the pale of civilisation. So thinks the editor of the *Charleston paper*; so think many other persons, not without very strong arguments on their side; and because these opinions are discussed in the Union,—as if abolition would not bear real discussion!—it is assumed that Pierce is about to restore the slave trade—with Georgius Tertius, we presume, to complete the romance!

JEWISH EMIGRATION FROM EUROPE.

The official *Gazette* in Wurtemberg published at the commencement of this month some account of the plans now ripe in that country for emigration to Palestine. A "Society for the bringing together of God's people in Jerusalem" has constituted itself, and among other proceedings has prepared a petition to the Bund at Frankfort, the purport of which is as follows:—That the Assembly of the German Confederation will be pleased, through the agency of the two great Powers of Germany, to induce the Sultan to permit the "Society for the bringing together of God's people in Jerusalem" to found communities in the Holy Land, under the following conditions:—1. Self-government in all civil and religious matters, that they may be able to be managed entirely according to God's word. 2. Security for person and property against the arbitrations of Turkish officials, and against uncontrolled and oppressive taxes. 3. Exemption from Turkish military service. 4. Guarantee of the same rights to every one who shall subsequently become member of this society, whether he may have previously been Christian, Jew, or Mahomedan, Turk or foreigner. 5. The assignment of the Holy Land to these communities, in order that they may settle there conformably to the object and purpose which they have stated above.

Many of your readers will doubtless think that an extensive emigration swindle is at the bottom of this movement; but while a little consideration devoted to the subject of tenure of land in the East will show the groundlessness of such an idea, the following will indicate that the plan is by no means confined to a few or to illiterate persons:—During the sittings of the Evangelical Kirchentag, the seventh of which was held in Frankfort towards the close of September, a number of its members endeavoured to procure the adoption of a motion, that the Kirchentag should in its totality apply to the Bund to take steps to procure the Holy City of Jerusalem to be declared a free town, and put under the protectorate of the great Powers of Europe. Some of the leading members of the meeting, possessed of a little more worldly vision than these enthusiasts, advised them, however, first to apply to the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, and endeavour to induce them to favour their views when engaged in settling the terms of a peace and in arranging the affairs of the East in general.

OUR CIVILISATION.

RECENT PROCEEDINGS OF A MATRIMONIAL ASSOCIATION.—A few days since Mr. Edwardes, of Norfolk-street, Strand, obtained a warrant against Laurence Cuthbert, secretary of a Matrimonial Alliance Association, in John-street, Adelphi, charging him with a violent assault. It appears that a young gentleman, lodging with the complainant, answered an advertisement of the Association, and, after paying 10/- as registration-fee, was directed to go, at a stated time, to the Duke of York's column, and lavish his fascinating powers on a young lady who would wave a white kerchief. This was done, and love at first sight was the result; but talk about the Association led to the discovery that the lady had paid 12/- and the gentleman 10/- for the furtherance of what was evidently fate. However, regardless of expense, they arranged another meeting. A second demand caused the gentleman to mention the matter to the complainant, who called to remonstrate, and was assaulted by one of the officials. The matter has been arranged by the repayment of the 10/-.

HEROISM AT HOME.—In a pamphlet published by the curate of St. Luke's, in the parish of St. James, we have some striking, and evidently faithful, sketches of the scenes that took place in the parish at the time of the cholera visitation. We make some extracts:—"If a person were to start from the western end of Broad-street, and, after traversing its whole length on the south side from west to east, to return as far as the brewery, and then, going down Hopkins-street and up New-street, to end by walking through Pulteney-court, he would pass successively forty-five houses, of which only six escaped without a death during the recent outbreak of cholera in that neighbourhood. According to a calculation based upon the last census, these forty-five houses contained a population of about 1000. Out of that number 103 perished by the pestilence. The population of the whole district of St. Luke's is under 9000; during the late cholera visitation there were 373 deaths. The pestilence did not settle down upon the district by slow degrees; it enveloped the inhabitants at once in its full horrors. Of the deaths, nearly all took place in the first fortnight, and at least 189 in the first four days. With scarce an exception, the people stood by one another in the season of peril and perplexity with unflinching and admirable courage. Panic there was none; but it was a trying time—all the more trying by reason of the uncertainty that prevailed at first as to the area of the pestilence, and its probable duration. The morning of Friday, the 1st of September, was destined to dispel any such delusion—a morning long to be remembered in this neighbourhood. The first intimation which the writer received of the sad incidents of the night came in the form of a summons to the death-bed of one with whom he had cheerfully conversed at a late hour on the preceding evening. A patient, gentle widow, she was an object of special interest to all who knew her. Many a pitying glance was cast that morning upon her little children as they moved about, scarce conscious of what was happening. What was to become of them? What had become of them? They have found an asylum, but it is in their mother's grave. A fearful tragedy was enacting in that one small house, when eight of its twenty inmates died in quick succession before the night of the 4th of September. And one there was who will be remembered by the survivors as one of God's own heroines, a truly Christian woman, who watched day and night at the bedside of the dying, and by her calm and quiet demeanour sustained the spirits of the living, till she herself fell the eighth victim to the disease. The writer will not soon forget how, on the 5th or 6th evening of the month, he found the remnant gathered together in one room, in a state of anxiety and suspense concerning one of their number, who complained of feeling sick and ill, and how their countenances lighted up with a gleam of satisfaction when he confidently assured them that the disease was subsiding, and its virulence abated, and that sickness was no longer the certain forerunner of death."

BRUTAL OUTRAGE AT DARWEN.—On Sunday last a man named John Clegg, alias Shorrock, perpetrated a most inhuman act of violence. It appears that during the day he had been drinking, and that he came home in the evening with several companions, intoxicated like himself, for whom he ordered his wife to prepare something to eat. She remonstrated, and told him there was not enough for the children; but this remonstrance only roused his anger, and he used such violent threats that she left the house, and went to the dwelling of his mother, who resided near. He followed her thither, and began to beat her; and his mother and his married sister, who was in an advanced state of pregnancy, interfered to prevent him. He then struck his mother in the mouth with his clenched fist, and knocked several teeth out, and kicked his sister in a most savage manner. From the effects of the kicking she died on the following morning, after giving birth to a dead child, which was fearfully bruised. Shorrock was immediately apprehended, and an inquest will be held.

THE NEW BEER BILL is generally admitted to be annoying, but it is not absolutely inviolable—possibly owing to a conscientious police which will not work on the Sabbath. On the morning of last Sunday Catharine Fernley "had a drop" in Petticoat-lane, and then dropped into All Saints, Bishopsgate, and disturbed the congregation at their devotions. It appears that gin may be obtained at many houses in Petticoat-lane by simply asking for the more pastoral milk. Sir R. W. Carden was annoyed to find the Act evaded by the very people whom it was intended to reform, and trusted that soon public-houses would be closed all day on Sunday. He then referred to the recent Act passed in Canada, and, notwithstanding the merciful interference of the reverend gentleman who was interrupted in his service, sentenced the defendant to seven days' imprisonment. The police say that the publicans in the neighbourhood have such facilities for evasion, that they are unmanageable. Cannot milk be suppressed?

COWELL.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—In spite of the experience of public benefactors, from Socrates downwards, the people have the reputation for being grateful. Serve a patron and he will forget you; serve the people and your fortune is made. This is utterly unphilosophical; for gratitude is notoriously a rare quality, and cannot be expected to be more abundant in the masses than in individuals who can afford to indulge in its manifestation. The mistake arises from confusing gratitude with gain; and because people see mobocracy who have the wit to fill their pockets *while they are in fashion*, they fancy that the people have been grateful.

We have been led into these misanthropic reflections by the fate of George Cowell, the leader of the Preston operatives during the Ten per Cent agitation. A year ago, who so popular as he? Who so cheered and applauded when he harangued them with his rough eloquence, and worked hard in the movement upon which all their hearts were set? At this moment he is in Lancaster gaol, arrested for a debt of 150/-, incurred for printing balance-sheets and documents connected with the agitation. It was through the hands of this man that upwards of one hundred thousand pounds passed for the support of the Preston operatives. That he dealt fairly by that money is pretty clear, from the fact that he cannot pay the printer's bill. Two pence a head collected round the Preston mills would furnish the sum, but the operatives refuse to give even that; and so George Cowell is now in Lancaster gaol, and has doubtless made some valuable reflections upon the most prudent way of managing his opportunities whenever he has such another chance.

THE BRITISH DEMOCRATS—LOUIS NAPOLEON.

WE have received a placard, headed "What is Napoleon?" and consisting of declamations by way of answer. It appears that the British Democrats are reappearing, and are attempting an organisation to prevent the visit of Louis Napoleon to this country. Here is the point of the insanity:—

"Men of England!—Be equal to the great occasion! Rally round the Committee—it is no party movement—it is open to all who are the friends of the people. Poland would stir in her chains, Hungary would thrill with joy. Italy would start with exultation, could they hear that the working men of England spurned crowned perjury and murder—raised the great watchword of the French Republic once again, and flouted it in the usurper's blushing face.

"Every man's honour is in his own keeping—so is a people's—then save yours, you men of England! Let it not be pawned by privileged miscreants to victorious iniquity. Let it be understood throughout the world, if Napoleon comes, he is the Queen's guest, not the people's; if the Church prays for him, that the people execrate him; if aristocracy fawns on him, that the people spurn him; if usurers drag their fat homage to his blood-stained feet, that there is not an honest working-man—an honest tradesman—in England, who would not think it a branding infamy to touch his hand in friendship.

"Signed,

"Messrs. Chapman, George Taylor, William Slocombe, Lombard, Leno, E. J. Moring, Scarle, Samuel Ferdinand, Dean Taylor, W. Yates, Blackler, Wood, Southwood, Isaac Littlebury, George Littlebury, Dixon, James, Poole, Knight, Beattie, Hemmett, Thompson, Harris, Savage, Adlington, Potter, Workman, Sutton, Verdeille, Marshall, Henry Jeffries, Tovel, Whitehair, James Bligh, George Brown, Kerna, Morgan, Hindle, Stevens, Vigors, Edwin Gill, McLaughlin, Pike, Evans, Stevenson, R. H. Side, Nash, Harris, Evans, Wright, Gross, Garrard, Rubrey, Skinner, Lodge, and M. A. Heath and Lodge.

"GEORGE HARRISON, Chairman.

"JAMES FINLEN, Treasurer.

"ROBERT CHAPMAN, Fin. Sec.

"ERNEST JONES, Cor. Sec.

"N.B.—Make this as widely known as possible.

"The Committee meet every Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock, and every Sunday evening, at six precisely, at the Bell Tavern, Newton-street, Holborn.

"Rally around the Committee and support it with your presence and with contributions. Prepare for the great demonstration."

We do not see what is to be gained by the men of England rallying round the Committee. Clearly the movement is merely a movement to get up a *hiss* of the French Emperor; and if the men of England *hiss*, most assuredly they will be taken into custody by the policemen of London.

We trust none of our friends of the working class will join this silly committee. If Louis Napoleon comes, we are to receive him as the chief of that grand army which is fighting side by side with our own soldiers in the Crimea.

PARLIAMENT.

At the Council on Monday Parliament was ordered to be further prorogued from Thursday last, the 16th inst., to Thursday, the 14th of December.

HEALTH OF LONDON.

The Registrar-General reports that last week the total number of deaths registered in London was 1160. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1844-53 the average number was 1011, and if this is raised in proportion to increase of population it becomes 1112. From a comparison of the results it appears that the mortality is now not much in excess of the usual amount, but it exceeds in a more important degree the point to which the usual mortality, in an improved condition of London, might be reduced.

Cholera, which was fatal in the two previous weeks in 66 and 31 cases, was fatal last week in 23. In the same weeks diarrhoea numbered 46, 33, and 35 deaths. Nine of the deaths from cholera occurred on the north side of the river, the remaining 14 on the south side; 3 of which are returned in the sub-district of St. Paul's, Deptford, 4 in the district of Lambeth. Scarletina has for some weeks predominated among zymotic diseases.

THE WEAR SHIPWRIGHTS.

Sunderland, Nov. 14.

The efforts which have been made to bring to a termination the unfortunate strike of the ship carpenters on the Wear have not yet been attended with success. The men, about 1200 in number, have now been out for six weeks. The employment in other trades connected with ship-building is injuriously affected, and the consequences are felt seriously on the general trade of the town. The men had been anxious for a conference with the masters, in the presence of disinterested parties who would act as arbiters, and last night about thirteen of the principal builders met the committee of the Shipwrights' Society; but the result, as detailed at a large public meeting of men held this afternoon, was unsatisfactory. It appeared, from the statements of the speakers at this meeting, that the masters would neither allow the presence of reporters at the conference, nor suffer the interference of the two gentlemen who had been waiting as arbiters.

IRELAND.

THE OUTRAGE ON MR. DARGAN'S WORKMEN.—On Saturday a meeting of magistrates took place at Limerick. The result was the discharge of fourteen of the parties implicated, and the remand of four others.

THE RAILWAY OUTRAGE AT TRILICK.—A public meeting has been held in the Court-house, Downpatrick, for the purpose of condemning the attempt made to upset the railway train at Trillick, and to congratulate those passengers whose lives were imperilled on their narrow escape. The chair was taken by Mr. Reilly, the High-Sheriff. Various resolutions were moved and carried, strongly abhorrent of the outrage. They concurred in thinking it had been planned by the Ribbon Society, which acted under the guidance of the Church of Rome, which was encouraged by the present Government—which Government ought rather to suppress Ribbon-men, and prevent the extension of Romish principles.

INSURANCE FOR THE PEOPLE.

A YOUNG IRISHWOMAN complained to Mr. Bingham, at Marlborough-street, that her mother's policy in the British Industry Insurance Office had been cancelled, although she had regularly paid the stipulated threepence a-week. They had given her two-and-sixpence as a settlement of her claim. The secretary explained that their former agent having absconded, they had requested all holders of policies granted by him to attend at the office for investigation of their cases, and when the woman in question presented herself they found her to be at least ten years older than had been stated. The society required proof of birth. Mr. Bingham considered that perfectly fair, but the applicant said her mother could not bring any proof of her birth, being a Roman Catholic, and a native of Ireland. The case was dismissed, and also another of a similar character.

PRINCE ALBERT A "QUESTION" AGAIN. The *Law Times* contains, in its current number, an article on "the Prince Consort," which is very freely attributed to a vivacious ex-Lord Chancellor. The article, though in ostensible reprobation of the truders of the Prince, is severe towards his defenders, especially the Lord Chief Justice. The Reviewer says:—

"To the astonishment of all lawyers, but also of all men who know the Constitution, the Chief Justice declared in the House of Lords that the Prince is the *alter ego* of the Royal Consort. Now, we feel bound, with all

possible respect for this eminent judge, to express how entirely we join in the wonder felt in the Constitution especially, but certainly not confined to it, at this extraordinary statement, extraordinary in a lawyer, but in an historical writer hardly to be believed. There is no such thing, and there never was in the most rude periods of our constitutional history, under the most despotic of our princes, anything resembling the *alter ego* of the absolute monarchies in the South, the Spanish, and the Sicilian. The sovereign with us, whether in England or in Scotland, never had the power of handing over to another the Royal Prerogative. Imperfect as our Constitution has been left in respect of regency, or the supplying a temporary defect in the royal functions, and obscure as our constitutional history is on that subject, no doubt or obscurity whatever hangs over it, and no ambiguity has ever existed as to the Royal Prerogative being exercised by the Sovereign alone when there is no such defect. It is, indeed, remarkable how distinctly the inalienable nature of the royal functions was perceived and acted upon in practice, even at an age when little refinement of principle might be supposed to have place, and when proceedings of a violent and irregular kind in other respects were of ordinary occurrence."

Commenting on this, an able and ingenious writer in the *Liverpool Albion* says:—

"The reviewer professes to have been forced into the broaching of these delicate topics by the high legal functionary who made it impossible to avoid them; but there certainly are topics much more delicate than any touched upon by the Chief Justice broached by his commentator, who implies, that, for the first time probably within your or your readers' knowledge, the subject of making his Royal Highness King Consort has recently been discussed, and is even yet by no means disposed of. It is stated as one argument of some weight against the higher title, that an awkward consequence would follow from the Prince, as well as the Heir-apparent, surviving, the Queen; namely, that we should then have two Kings in the country; and 'thus the unavoidable inconvenience of a person sinking into a private station who had enjoyed much of supreme power in fact, though not in name, would be considerably increased by the circumstances of his retaining the name under which that ample power had been exercised. The mere circumstance of his being called King Dowager, as must almost inevitably happen, notwithstanding all the respect that might surround him, would of itself furnish a reason for avoiding the alleged honour.' King Dowager! Only fancy Field-Marshal Albert King Dowager, Commander-in-Chief, these piping times of war too. It appears, however, according to our horse-haired oracle, that the Consort could no more have got the whole of the Horse-guards than he could have got the half of the prerogative, the dictum of the Duke of Wellington to the contrary notwithstanding. The point is thus put:—'It was said that his being successor to the great man who held the office had been mentioned during his life by himself, and that the Prince had at once intimated his intention to decline it if the Sovereign should be advised to make the offer. It is quite manifest he never could by possibility have taken the office; and the wonder is that any one, above all the Great Captain himself, should for an instant have allowed such a notion to pass through his mind. It is no fault of Prince Albert, and it is not his misfortune—it is his good fortune—that he was born into the world after the war had ceased, and that he has never seen service. To have placed him over all the warriors of England would have been an act which his worst enemy could hardly have advised; to have taken that position would have argued in him not only an entire loss of the great discretion by which he has ever been guided, but a want of even ordinary prudence.' There is something exceedingly Broughamian in all this 'damning with faint praise'—a good deal in the fashion that the Lord Harry exercised his industry on the *Hours of Idleness* in the brilliant Byronic times of four-and-forty years ago. The depreciating animus under the guise of panegyric is further evinced in the remarks on that unfortunate Challis abomination of an Exhibition Memorial to his Royal Highness, whereof it is said:—'The clumsy and overdone flattery of the City, in proposing to raise a statue, had greatly disgusted the community, the rather because a severe pressure had been exerted on many persons in official stations, especially on those connected with the Court, in order to obtain subscriptions, whereby the contrivers of the scheme might be the better enabled to perform the part of parasites, or paradyture to obtain some of the distinctions in which the civic mind delights. Men had marvelled at the Prince not at once intimating, what all considered must be his wish, that this most unseemly proceeding should be stopped, as it could only end in his declining the intended compliment. But perhaps he did better by not refusing before it was offered.' Referring to his recommendation that the fund raised should be applied to some institution for promoting the instruction of the industrious classes, there occurs a note which would alone almost suffice to stamp the whole article as being written at the instigation of the veritable Vaux, to wit:—'It is somewhat humiliating to remark the different fate of the City subscription when it was believed to be for raising a statue to a Prince, living and closely connected with the Crown, and another subscription for a statue to the greatest genius that ever appeared

in the world—the mighty glory of England. About 3000L were subscribed in less than a week for the Prince's statue; it took six months to collect half as much for a marble slab had ever been dedicated, except at the expense of his own family. They who compared the sums given by the same individuals to the two statues—50L or 100L to that of the Prince, 10L or only 5L to that of the philosopher—saw at a glance how little the former subscription could be regarded as voluntary.'

Latest Edition.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, November 18.

THE WAR.

The following despatches have been received:—

"Vienna, Friday, Half-past 1 P.M.

"A fierce battle was fought before Sebastopol on the 5th. The Russian troops newly arrived from Perekop attacked the English position.

"After a battle which lasted seven hours, the English were repulsed with a loss of 8000 men.

"The English lost 102 officers and 2500 men, and the French lost 48 officers and 1300 men killed and wounded.

"Three English Generals were killed—General Cathcart, and Brigadier-Generals Goldie and Strangways.

"Five were wounded—Generals Adams, Bentinck, Buller, Torrens, and Sir George Brown.

"General Canrobert is also wounded.

"The British Guards suffered very severely.

"On the 6th and 7th the allies were fortifying their positions."

(By *Submarine and British Telegraph*)

Vienna, Friday Evening.

Suleiman Pasha, who commanded the Turkish troops in the Crimea, has been degraded by the Sultan.

The Charlemagne, Napoleon, and Jena returned to Constantinople on the 5th.

The frigate Egyptienne was wrecked at the entrance to the Bosphorus.

Prince Napoleon, who is suffering from dysentery, has returned to Constantinople.

The horses of the allies in the Crimea have suffered so much from want of water, that it is doubtful whether powerful cavalry reinforcements ought to be sent there.

The Egyptian ship Abadid Schibad is said to have gone down, with the Admiral and 700 men on board.

Steamers have been sent to fetch 4000 men of the garrison of Tchurukus to Sebastopol.

The Russians have retired from the neighbourhood of Balaklava, to wait for reinforcements.

Up to the 7th there had been little rain at Balaklava.

FRANCE.

Paris, Friday Evening.

According to advices from Constantinople of the 6th, 5000 French troops had left for the Crimea.

There was no recent intelligence from the army in Asia.

Four thousand Tunisians had embarked at Batoum for the Crimea.

An imperial decree, published this day, reconstitutes the 6th company of the third battalion throughout the 100 regiments of the line.

The measure is to be executed immediately.

SPAIN.

A telegraphic despatch of the 14th from Madrid states that there was a rumour that Marshal Espartero was about to retire from the Ministry.

GREECE.

Athens, November 10.

Report says that Kalergis has threatened the Russian Minister with expulsion.

SYMPOTMS OF A WINTER CAMPAIGN.—We understand that contracts were accepted yesterday by the War-office for wooden houses for the army in the Crimea. The houses are to be of a size sufficient to accommodate twenty men in each house, and on the whole are to provide lodgings for twenty thousand men. So pressing are the authorities in enforcing expedition on the contractors, that the latter have undertaken to have two hundred ready for shipment on Monday next.

Postscript.

An Extraordinary *Gazette* was published last evening. It contains several despatches from Lord Raglan, the last being dated November 3rd, with lists of casualties among officers from the 27th October to the 2nd November, and with lists of the killed and wounded among privates and non-commissioned officers from October 22nd to November 1st.

The details of the battle on the 5th cannot be expected for some days.

Lord Raglan's despatch, dated the 3rd November, is the first authentic account of the position prior to the battle of the 5th, and after the affairs of the 25th-26th.

Before Sebastopol, November 3, 1854.

My Lord Duke.—Since I wrote to your Grace, on the 28th ultimo, the enemy have considerably increased their force in the Valley of the Tchernaya, both in artillery, cavalry, and infantry, and have extended to their left, not only occupying the village of Camara, but the heights beyond it, and pushing forward pickets and even guns towards our extreme right; and these yesterday fired a few shots, apparently to try the range, which fell somewhat short.

These movements have induced me to place as strong a force as I can dispose of on the precipitous ridge in that direction, in order to prevent any attempt to get round to Balaklava by the sea; and the whole line is strengthened by a breastwork, which has been thrown up by the Highland Brigade, the Royal Marines and the Turkish troops, thus circumscribing that part of the position; whilst immediately in front of the gorge leading into the town a strong redoubt is in course of being completed, which is to be garrisoned by the 93d Regiment, and armed with several guns; and on high ground behind, and to the left, is a battery manned by seamen, which terminates the position to be defended by the troops under the command of Major-General Sir Colin Campbell.

Further to the left, and in a more elevated position is the brigade of the 1st French division, commanded by General Vinois, ready to move to the assistance of any of the British force that may be assailed, and maintaining the connexion between the troops in the valley and those on the ridge on which the main armies are posted.

The harbour of Balaklava is under the charge of Captain Dacres, of the Sanspareil, and Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons is in the roadstead, outside, and is daily communicating with me.

Thus every possible step has been taken to secure this important point, but I will not conceal from your Grace, that I should be more satisfied if I could have occupied the position in considerably greater strength.

With reference to the operations of the combined armies, engaged in the attack on Sebastopol, I have the honour to state, that there is no material diminution in the enemy's fire, and yesterday morning, two hours before daylight, the cannonade from all parts of the south front was heavy in the extreme, both on the French and British lines, and it occasioned, I deeply regret to say, some loss, but less than might have been expected under the circumstances.

In the meanwhile the French, who have before them the town and real body of the place, have taken advantage of the more favourable ground, and are carrying on approaches systematically on the most salient and commanding part of the enemy's lines; and they have constructed and opened batteries, the precision of the fire from which has most materially damaged the Russian works, although as yet they have not succeeded in silencing their guns.

The weather is still fine, but it has become extremely cold, and there was a severe frost last night.

RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c., &c., &c.

MAILS TO AUSTRALIA.—It appears that there is some danger of postal communication with Australia being suspended for some time. The General Screw Company, which has the contract for the next mail out, and cannot take it, wanted to send the bags by the Red Jacket, sailing from Liverpool on the 4th of December; but the owners of the Red Jacket will not send her round to call at Southampton, and, though a special train could run from London to Liverpool in five hours, Lord Cannon, Postmaster-General, insists on the call at Southampton. Is not this absurd?

But has the Government deserved this trust? To put the question more politely—Ought not the Government to render itself

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 7, Wellington-street, Strand, London.



SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1854.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD

WHERE IS THE HOUSE OF COMMONS?

PARLIAMENT stands prorogued to the middle of next month (the 20th December). This is not a very usual proceeding: and it means that Parliament will then—or soon after the 25th—meet “for the despatch of business”—if the country chooses. The moderate demand for a November session—a demand altogether confined to the newspapers—suggested, no doubt, the cautious adjournment for a month, lest, in the meanwhile, the cry should be taken up by some accredited party leader; and, it may be inferred, the Government will be entirely guided, on the point, by the wishes of the House of Commons itself. Silence, when the House is concerned, is assent: why should it be collected among Christmas inconveniences merely to declare that it has perfect confidence in the Government?

We do not suppose that it can be any doubt of the voice of the House of Commons which induces the Government to continue and conduct the war on its own responsibility. The Coalition Government excludes only one party—Lord Derby's agricultural party: and, for the moment, that party is too placid to admit of the manœuvres of its leaders. We see in the speech, this week, of Mr. Miles, that, in the great thoughts inspired by the war, faction is dead: and by this time, also, Mr. Disraeli must have ascertained that even the Hebraistic-Protestant cry has but slight chance of an echo from a squirearchy intent upon 80s. a quarter. The Ministry can have no reason to believe that they would not be perfectly safe with the present Parliament, and it is not likely that as they now want men and money, they would be disposed to reject any proffer from Parliament itself to increase their moral power by a unanimous vote. If, then, there is no session until next year—until the time when new great diplomatic and military measures have been decided on, if not executed, let the responsibility attach to those members of the Legislature who are as quiet as the members of the *Corps Légitif* of France—and comparison can no further go.

But has the Government deserved this trust? To put the question more politely—Ought not the Government to render itself

worthy of this confidence of the nation and the Legislature?

The blundering, up to this moment, has been conspicuous, and awful in its consequences. We decline to coincide in the compliments paid to the Ministers by the plushed journals, because the Government happened to think of reinforcements before an astute press had urged reinforcements. For why are reinforcements being sent? Because the army sent to the Crimea has been found insufficient—because the army sent to take Sebastopol has been found too small to take so strong a place. Certainly General Lord Raglan was the chief blunderer in the calculation, and we count him among the Cabinet. Granted that nearly the whole country has been mistaken in this estimate of Russian capacity in the Crimea: it was the business of the Government to get at the facts, and to prepare for the facts. They were not without warning from the few who escaped the popular delusions, and who were not misled by leading journals. For our own part, when we heard that St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan were going to the Crimea with their little army, we took for granted that the Governments were calculating on a general flight of the Russians.

The Government entered on a great war with a small spirit, and have done everything in a small way. They did not believe in the war until it had begun; and as they delayed the declaration, so they have delayed everything else to the last moment. History might call this war, so far as England has been concerned, the war by degrees. Let us recall the facts: the array suggests the tone of the men in whom we are still trusting. Dull conception and fidgety disbelief—these have been the characteristics of Ministers in carrying on the Government, as respects Russia.

When, on quiet Lord Aberdeen's easy accession, the Emperor Nicholas frankly conveyed to the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg his views on Turkey, Lord John Russell, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, treated that remarkable revelation as a mere conversation, entered into for an evening's amusement, and having written a despatch or two—of course not without some sort of consultation with his Queen and his colleagues—he considered that the matter was at an end, and that the Czar would drop a design on Constantinople just as readily as an episodical Lord John Russell drops a Reform Bill. When Prince Menschikoff appeared at Constantinople in a state and pomp not usual in an ordinary embassy, and made demands on the Sultan which he knew beforehand that the Sultan would not be allowed to comply with, our Government treated the matter as an ordinary difficulty of diplomacy, and assumed, and assured Europe, that there was nothing serious. When, to enforce these demands, a Russian army crossed the Pruth, our Government still saw in the event a mere passing occupation—refused to advise the Sultan that there was a *casus belli*, and offered mediation between the two sovereigns. When the Czar accepted the mediation, *via* Austria, our Government believed him in earnest, notwithstanding that, at the very moment, he was exhausting all the resources of his dominions in raising vast armies. All this time our fleet, under strict orders, was playing at demonstrations—sunning in the sea of Marmora while the Russian forces at Sebastopol were preparing for the fell swoop on Sinope:—also, all this time, Turkish agents were being withheld from raising the loan which, raised a year ago, would have enabled the Sultan to act for himself. At last, the grand insolence and magnificent courage of the Czar had quelled the mean minds opposed to him into the conviction that he was not to be protocollled by

clerical diplomats out of the traditions of his race : and war was declared. Declared amid valiant speeches from our Ministers, that the Czar had exhausted every variety of falsehood (as though young girls had been bewildered), and that Russia was an aggressive power (singular discovery for statesmen of half a century's experience, and who had smiled on the Czar even up to the moment of Menschikoff's mission) whose career it was high time to arrest. But, in the meantime, the genius of our statesmen had been developed in their financial preparations. When negotiations were still in progress, and Russia had not yet been found out by these colossal-minded Englishmen, Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, hurried, in the month of April, to present a war budget. We were entering on a great crisis ; so he doubled the Income Tax for half a year. A few months passed : we were in the crisis : there was a second budget : it was a European convulsion : so he asked for 10,000,000*l.* He entreated the nation, eager to give, to believe that this was sufficient ; he ridiculed the idea of a loan ; and, under his auspices, a new political idea set in—that a war must be paid for in ready money. And what were the military preparations ? Two great fleets were equipped which have been of comparatively no use ; and one small army was sent out—which has now to be reinforced. In all the details of the war the petty conception of the struggle has been painfully illustrated. At Varna, the commissariat arrangements were criminally incomplete ; before Sebastopol, within a few hours' sail, of Constantinople, they are still so ; and after Alma, and at Scutari, the sick and wounded have died by dozens—from neglect. The neglect arose from a clerical economy of money—economy of money when the richest of peoples were clamouring to pay !

The war by degrees is developing itself ; week by week and month by month we find that the Government's conception of the war is enlarging. In time we shall have great armies, and, we venture to assure Mr. Gladstone, as we assured him at the commencement of last session, a great loan. What the Government could not, or would not, see at first, they are seeing at last ; what they would not do, in the pettiness and pedantry of routine, they will have to do in the end. For a great war we must have great measures ; and we see no signs of great resolves, arising from statesman-like foresight, in giving Lord Raglan a small reinforcement of 50,000 or 60,000 men—only 7000 of these being English. The war will not end in the Crimea : and it is this winter we should see some preparations for next spring.

Now, as we have in the present Government the very best men that the governing class can produce, and as no other Government is possible, all we can hope is that the Coalition may see reason to include the House of Commons and expand its views of the war by contact with the collective representation of the nation. When there is no great man, the next best thing is a great assembly ; we may have faith in the House of Commons as regards the war because, from the first, it has been in advance of the Government.

THE FIRST WAR WINTER.

THE evenings are drawing in ; the fire begins to grow pleasant ; and the young people are looking to the Christmas holidays. But the careful housewife asks what is likely to be the price of coals and provisions ; the man of business notes with anxiety the contracting index of his day-book ; and the statesman asks, not without apprehensions, what will be the price of bread for the poor ?

The last question is one of keen interest to many of us, rich as well as poor. The full stomach can sustain hard labour and keep out old cold. Poor wages it can make wages by increased toil ; it can make a shift with little fuel, or none. But even better wages cannot sustain the empty stomach for work, and coals cannot warm it. The stomach will *not* be empty, although we may perhaps stint our feasting. Let us at once admit that the prospect for the winter is neither brilliant nor of the darkest ; it is sombre, but not more than sombre.

The fluctuations in the corn-market need alarm none, but the creditors of the corn-dealers. The price is evidently kept up by artificial means. One more series of fluctuations has yet to come—that which will mark the ebbing tide. While corn has been going up and down in London, it has been going down and up in country districts and Ireland ; and on the Continent, where they have not had a universal abundance, and where some alarm has been felt at the prospect of deficiency,—the French Government, for instance, has forbidden deportation or distillation of grain,—the markets are quiet, with increased supplies reported at Dantzig, and every prospect that the granaries in the chief centres will be fairly stocked. We have already alluded to the prospect of short supplies in America — those accounts of universal drought which seemed to affect cereals alone ; for we had no reports of starving beasts, or plains strewed with the dead bodies of those that were killed by thirst. The want of rain has checked the corn in many districts, but the higher prices of last year, the known shallowness of the stocks all over Europe, and the certainty of a good consumption during the current year, have encouraged that spread of land devoted to corn culture which had already been facilitated by the return of many farmers from speculations in railways and other joint-stock enterprises to their own legitimate industry.

Setting increase against deficiency, we fully reckon on a fair supply from America. But in the meanwhile it is the interest of the dealer to make the most of the deficiency. Mr. Caird, than whom we have no higher authority, has shown, in a letter to the *Times*, that our own production on the known acreage would be sufficient to equal the produce and the importation of last year taken altogether ; added to which the excellent quality of the corn must have increased its weight, and better modes of culture must have increased the proportionate return per acre. We may reckon, therefore, on 16,550,000 quarters against a consumption of 18,000,000 quarters, leaving only a deficiency of 1,450,000 against 6,000,000 last year, now to be made good, the average importation being 4,500,000 quarters. During the last month an unprecedentedly small quantity of wheat or flour was taken for consumption ; a fact which proves that the fluctuations and enhancement of prices arose from the speculation of the dealers, not from the pressure of demand. When we look to the comparatively quiet state of the Continental markets, and the probability that the American return will not be so much below previous shipments, we may see how completely the movements in the Corn-market have been speculative. Upon the whole, therefore, we may reckon that there will be a fair average supply of corn for this country, and as the price here is usually higher than it is elsewhere, we may also calculate with some confidence that the Continental demand will not very seriously enhance the cost of the loaf here. Ultimately it will settle at its level for the twelve months, and that level will not be beyond reason.

What, however, will be our means for pur-

chasing bread during these same twelve months, and particularly during the winter season ? Here we cannot speak quite so confidently. We are apt to overdo our "prosperity." Some twelve months back there was a great demand for British manufactures in America, in India, and in Australia ; but we can manufacture faster than others can want, especially cotton goods. If the fair lady of an Australian digger wanted one cotton gown of the best manufacture, we sent her two. We calculated the Indian consumption at the rate which it might show, if reforms had already emancipated Indian industry and endowed it with a purchasing power such as it ought to possess. We have so overstocked American warehouses that bills could not be drawn against any further consignments. Manufacturers are keeping down their work ; merchants must do the same. Merchants deal with retail traders, and retail traders will find their orders contracted. Merchants' clerks imitate their masters, and another class of retail dealers find their "little bills" smaller than they could wish them to be, except in cases where the little bills are not met. Here is a general disposition to retrenchment, not violent nor excessive, but wide-spread, steady, and decided. The labouring class have less to do. As employment is contracted wages sink a little ; but the decline is chiefly in the amount of work done. It is nearly the same thing ; the purse, from that of the lordly merchant to the humblest working man, has less in it ; and thus the somewhat high price of bread is rendered a heavier burden to a lighter purse.

One fear suggested by the war is spared us for the winter. Parliament can sometimes tax us retrospectively, but it cannot meet in February to make us pay in November, December, and January. That is one consolation for not having a winter session. Another consolation lies in the certainty that, American disasters notwithstanding, our trade is more generally based on real business than ever ; its scale was never so great ; there is every prospect of a renewed expansion with the spring. We may therefore cheer ourselves, in the dull interval before the returning sun, with the proper sun of the Christmas season—Hope.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE ARMY.

UNLESS the war with Russia should be abruptly terminated by some legerdemain, we shall be called upon very greatly to enlarge our military system. Before the affair at Balaklava it was calculated that our effective force was reduced to 15,000 men ; subsequently there have been that affair, the affair of the 26th, and the general engagement of the 5th instant, with others, of course, unreported :—the 15,000 must have been reduced to a much greater extent than can be compensated by the British reinforcements that have arrived or are on their way. Whatever then may be the result of the present stage of the contest, a much larger increase is inevitable. Even if we are to seize Sebastopol, raze it, and embark, that cannot be the last of the struggle with Russia ; we must strike yet another blow, must strike that more effectually, and must put greater strength into the means of striking. On the other hand, if we are to retain possession of the Crimea we must grapple with Menschikoff, and we must exceed him in power, notwithstanding his continual recruitments. There seems, however, little probability that the war can be limited to the Crimea. If Austria is with us, Russia will attack that power ; if Austria forsakes us, we must attack her ; and, in either case, force alone can secure either the fidelity or the submission of Prussia. With a large army in the Crimea, we shall require other armies towards the centre of the Continent.

We may command auxiliaries, almost as many as we wish: we could upon easy terms secure the services of Hungarians, of Prussians, of Poles, perhaps of Fins. We believe that even some of the Russian provinces, and the Russian classes that appear most faithful, could be purchased; the empire itself would cut up into nice states; the Dukes of Lithuania might be revived; "principalities" might be carved out of Southern Russia as well as out of Turkey; a handsome kingdom might own St. Petersburg for its capital, and the war upon Russia might be made self-supporting.

But none of these operations could be effected unless England herself had such a power that she could of her own will turn the scale and dictate terms to minor potentates. In any case, therefore, we need a considerable increase to our military machinery. The arithmetical problem for our Government and statesmen should be to find that assistance which would be largest in amount and most efficacious, in order to economise our own exertions, and to provide the increase of our own force in such a way as least to disturb our domestic arrangements or to derange the political balance which is boasted for our constitution. And here again is an interesting and important consideration for those who are prepared to take a leading part in influencing Government. We cast aside, as altogether out of date and out of use, any kind of Peace doctrines. The members of the Peace party have run, like mice at dawn, into their holes and corners; and it is none but the boldest mouse, such as John Bright, that will venture to slap its tail on the ground in the face of the war Grimalkin. But, depend upon it, the cost to the country in men and money will be less or greater in proportion as the statesmen entrusted with power grapple with the idea of war in its full dimensions, or endeavour to evade their duty. If they suppose that they can "arrange this little matter," that they can hush it up and settle it without any material disturbance of existing interests in Europe, then we should have an attempt at an evasive war, and this country will be called upon to expend a larger amount in men and money because we must forego much of the assistance that we could otherwise obtain on the self-supporting principle.

War, like colonisation, should be thoroughly self-supporting; and particularly in this instance, since there is the amplest opportunity. If states are not with us, they are against us; if they are against us, their blood must be on their own head. It is no time to stand trifling with "neutrals." Every state that does not join us as an ally, ought to be declared fair game for those who are willing to enter with us into the hunt against Russia, and ought to be the premium that we pay for our auxiliaries. If, for example, King Frederick William cannot make up his mind to lend his army to the Western alliance, then, we say, King Frederick William's crown and kingdom should be offered as the reward by England to any party in Prussia that will procure for us that army and assistance. Austria professes to be with us; let her be so in fact; or if not, there are certain kingdoms of Bohemia, Lombardy, and Hungary, which would furnish pretty pickings for an auxiliary that would volunteer to our side. Saxony vacillates, and it is a kingdom worth bestowing upon a faithful general. The Schleswig-Holsteiners and the Danes have ducal and regal questions to settle, and they would help those that help them. There be Swedes that would go with England, and why should not England return to a Swedish prince the crown held by the French dynasty, if that dynasty proved untrue to England and France? Naples clearly is the appanage for a victorious captain. If England be true to her opportunity, there are abundant resources for paying

the auxiliary army without taxing the English people. It is by endeavouring to evade that opportunity that our Government would forego the assistance which it might have for the seeking, and will be compelled to turn round and increase *our* taxes.

By the same policy which would make our Government spare our taxes, and pay for the continental war with continental means, we might be extending the outposts of Liberalism and strengthening the interest as well as sparing the means of the Englishman.

Still, to do all this, at the best we must have a larger army. Now we are jealous of large armies. They are the means for oppressing a people. They enable the Executive to be independent of the representative power. The check upon that abuse is to let the army represent the nation. We must not be misunderstood as endeavouring to uphold the dogma that there is nothing in "blood," that the aristocracy is an artificial creation, or that inheritance is no additional guarantee for high qualities in particular families. We know better. The history of the humblest classes would refute us; the good name of a father is an additional stronghold upon the probity of an honest son. Distinction in cabinet or field through many generations is an incentive to every new generation that succeeds. But the worth of an aristocracy consists in its living actions. If it maintains its position by artificial privileges it will soon decay. It is healthiest when it is constantly recruited from other classes; when it becomes, not the monopolist, but the model for the country to which it belongs. Our peerage, as well as our army, affords frequent examples of men whose families have risen from humble position to the highest in the State. But our present military system restricts the bulk of commissions to a class which is not aristocratic but moneyed; and by doing so fixes a derogatory taboo upon the non-commissioned and private ranks. Hence, as we have already said, a twofold effect: poor gentlemen are excluded from the only path by which they might reach commission—through the ranks; and a lower tone of morals is given to the army than prevails in the nation at large.

But the restriction affects the recruiting even numerically. The *Times* asserts that the recruiting just now is good—rapid and copious:—we doubt it. We should like to see a detailed statement of the districts that make up the boasted "thousand a week." Who but a man that has nothing to lose, and has no prospects, would venture into the ranks? With few exceptions none but rif-riff could do so. We are forced to educate our army like pauper children, because educated men will not enter it. Cast away the exclusive privilege, and numbers of the youth from all classes of the country would rush to the ranks as the legitimate path by which they could attain, at all events, a *chance* of distinction. By its reaction the military element would be diffused in the body of the population; and we should have a direct connexion of the army with the farm, the factory, and the shop. It is not by raising the bounty, but by removing this disgraceful class restriction, that the restraint upon recruiting is to be removed.

One species of fusion between the bulk of the population and the military class seems likely to be compulsorily pressed upon Government. Our trained force has been kept upon so small a footing that it will be necessary almost to exhaust the garrisons of the United Kingdom and to reduce those of other parts of the empire, as in India, where they can be less safely spared than in Canada. The militia is already called upon to a considerable extent for "embodiment," and has been recommended for foreign service—very injudiciously. We know of no service beyond the four seas to

which, on military grounds, militiamen could be safely put, except service in India; and there, perhaps, with proper precautions and bounties to compensate trying climate, some of them might be used profitably. But there is another kind of corps for home service more effectual than any militia, which has not yet been really commenced at all—Volunteer Corps. It appears to us that Government is exhausting the garrisons of the United Kingdom, and is not providing to restore the defensive force of the country: a militia is never equal either to a trained force or to a volunteer force; it lacks the experience of the one, the patriotism of the other: we must have a volunteer corps.

CAPTAIN NOLAN.

WHY is it Captain Nolan should be suspected of having caused the destruction of the British cavalry, when he himself was one of the first victims, and when everybody must have known, from the circumstance, that the charge at the moment could only result in loss? The story about the order is confused and inconclusive; yet the conclusion against Captain Nolan is received as if it were self-evident. Why is this?

Because he has been a reformer, and a successful reformer. He published, about a year back, a small octavo book upon English cavalry, its system of drill, mounting, &c.; also a smaller book on the selection and training of cavalry remounts. The work is dashingly written, is full of earnestness, and at the same time practical; and it has been successful. The old "balance-seat"—which was necessary while a man-at-arms wore a heavy case of metal that made it difficult for him to rise from the saddle after he had once sunk in it, but which was continued long subsequently to the date when the metal case was given up,—has at last been abandoned. The stiffness of the old *manège* has also been relaxed, and the aim is less to drill the cavalry soldier into pedantic feats of the riding-school than to make him as good a rider as possible in as brief a time as possible. Some of the attacks that Captain Nolan made on the cumbersome parts of dress have also been successful. In the course of this book he argues much for the efficacy of cavalry as an arm, and contends that its use has been too much neglected in modern warfare; and amongst other things he was one of those to combat most stoutly that practice of drill which accustoms men as well as horses to turn aside in threes as the natural finish for a charge.

It is now said that this enthusiastic reformer, this Quixotic believer in cavalry omnipotence, was mortified that more had not been done with his favourite arm in the Crimea, and that he was prepared to snatch the opportunity offered by an imperfect order for the purpose of making hay while the sun shone. And dreadful hay was made indeed! The men were mowed down like grass. It was said in some of the late Italian disturbances that a body of cavalry had charged a fortress, whether successfully or not we do not remember; and the attempt could hardly have been madder than that to charge the Russians as they stood when the light cavalry advanced. But the very reason which makes us think it probable that Captain Nolan may have thus stretched his orders, should induce us to ask, before we pronounce the verdict of a coroner's inquest sitting at a distance, whether the probability itself does not suggest the story? Whether the interpretation of Captain Nolan's meaning may not have suggested itself even to Lord Lucan at the moment of commanding the advance? There was a mad advance—Nolan was the messenger; of course, presume the vulgar, Nolan was the instigator and cause—

the suicide-murderer. The tale is so easily made up, that it is evidence against itself until we have more trustworthy and positive evidence. Let us have an enquiry.

INSURANCE FOR THE WORKING CLASSES. Once more an endeavour is made to bring the benefits of Life Assurance within the reach of the industrial classes, and this time, we believe, with a certainty of success. Assurance is the best of all forms of saving for any particular contingency; and it is, therefore, most especially desirable for those classes which most need to make provision for the contingencies of life, and which have the most limited means to spare for saving. The provision which a man can make for his wife and family by laying up cash in a savings' bank is paltry compared to that which he can secure by the same saving invested in a life policy. The difficulty with the working classes is to make the payment in the usual way, by lumps of money half-yearly or quarterly. This difficulty is met in the new office exactly in the proper mode—by granting policies on premiums payable in small sums weekly.

Heretofore endeavours to establish life offices for the working classes have failed, for want either of capital, commercial experience, or of time to attend to the business. Only this week an insurance office, addressing itself to those classes, has been brought before a police court for failing to make good a policy of insurance. The men who are trustees and directors of the new office are guarantees for its stability and efficiency; among them are Lord Goderich, Henry E. Gurney, of the banking firm, Richard Cobden, John Bright, John Biggs, of Leicester, J. S. Lindsey, of the shipping firm, George Wilson, of Manchester; one of the auditors is Joseph Burnley Hume, son of the Hume; one of the medical officers is John Simon; the deputy-chairman is Joseph Mallaby, the chairman is Sir Joshua Walmsley. The rate is a trifle higher in this office than in some of the newest, for the same reason that it is called "The Safety"—not only the character, but the fortune of these men is pledged to make good all its engagements. These reduce its security and efficiency to absolute certainty; and we congratulate the working classes that these, their recognised political "friends," are applying commercial knowledge in a commercial undertaking to promoting the social welfare of men who, unhappily, are not very able to do without directing assistance.

Open Council.

IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

BABEL.

(From a various Correspondence.)

— "NEVER mind the head, if the heart is in the right place," is a common saying, and a very foolish one; as most common sayings are when they are not kept under proper restraint. "H. L. Powys, Major, 60th Rifles, Honorary Secretary," we take to be a good-hearted man, and a man of active frame; but his brain has proved unequal either to heart or limbs. He has had the energy to get up a "Central Association in Aid of the Wives and Children, Widows and Orphans of Soldiers ordered to the East;" but when he has got it up and amassed the funds, the poor man cannot administer them. He fails, evidently not for want of good intent, but sheer lack of insight. A certain man of the name of Brightwell enlisted in a regiment "ordered to the East;" he is a man of bad character, and he perjured himself when taking the oath, in declaring that he was single, and in giving a wrong name; he left behind him a well-behaved and industrious wife. Several people have subscribed to the fund out of pity to the dependants of soldiers who are left behind. Many would not give their money to worthless women, but Powys has conceived the idea that he must withhold from worthy women if the men be worthless. The subscribers intend the relief, not for the wives of meritorious husbands, but for the meritorious wives of absent husbands; and the Rev.

Henry Newland, vicar of Westbourne, in whose parish Mrs. Brightwell lives, recalls the "honorary secretary" to his duty towards the woman. "Honorary secretary" retorts that the vicar is "encouraging perjury and falsehood." He has the money in his hand to relieve deserving poverty, and he feels bound not to give it up because reprobate improvidence has been inflicting an injury upon deserving poverty. It seems to us that he is an excellent man to get up an association, but nearly the worst man that could have been selected to administer the funds.

For all the fogginess of his understanding, however, Powys has detected an alarming plot; it is no less than a combination between "a clergyman of the Church of England"—Henry Newland to wit—and the editor of the most disreputable newspaper in the kingdom, for "the encouragement of perjury and falsehood." The "most disreputable paper" is the *Times*; but if that journal were never convicted of anything more discreditable than its vindication of claims like those of Martha Brightwell or Ellen M'Connell, it might laugh at the thunderings even of Powys.

— Mr. William Hazlitt has been appointed to the Registrarship of the Court of Bankruptcy, in consideration of the eminent literary services of his father. The post is worth about 1000*l.* a year. The gift is creditable to Government. Mr. Hazlitt has proved himself a man thoroughly up to the mark in intelligence and industry; has been made acquainted as a journalist with public affairs; has employed his pen in fitting many standard works for modern readers or more extended classes; is in middle life; and has yet a good deal of work in him. He will be a useful and creditable public servant. But there is a peculiar credit in the very reasons of the appointment. *The Hazlitt* was no time-server or flat-terer, even among Liberals. With a peculiarly clear understanding for any subjects that he chose to take up, he was jealous, suspicious, cross-grained, and inclined to show his independence by severe, back-handed blows upon his friends. He was most esteemed by those who knew him best; political friends often regarded him as a political foe. He never meant to be unfair, for he preferred truth to friend, fame, or fortune; and it is this sterling quality, combined with the wonderful vigour and clearness of his intellect, that stamped such an extraordinary lucidity and force upon his style, and made him so highly valued, even by those who most severely felt his personal faults. It is handsome and "plucky" therefore of the Whig Ministers to give his son a post worth 1,000*l.* a year, out of consideration for the father whose hard hand they had so often felt. There is one reason, indeed, why the present appointment with reference to Hazlitt's services is peculiarly suitable. Amid all his political doubts, he had an unwavering, unquestioning, unmeasured admiration of the first Napoleon, uncle to our present ally.

— When the Russians made their sortie of the 26th, and were repulsed with such gallantry on our side and so much loss on theirs, there was one striking peculiarity in the vigorous assistance afforded to the attack on the enemy by the pickets—those parties who are advanced to some distance for the purpose of keeping watch, and, if possible, of delaying the enemy's approach. It is not usual, however, to reckon upon obstructions by this means, and nothing but the highest personal daring can render it effectual. Four men greatly distinguished themselves—they were three captains and a sergeant—all of whom received honorable mention in the public despatch of Sir De Lacy Evans, Lieutenant-General. Lord Raglan recapitulates this affair in a despatch to the Duke of Newcastle, and duly mentions the three captains and not a word of the sergeant. What can be the reason for the omission?

Was there something wrong in Sir De Lacy Evans' first despatch? Did Lord Raglan suspect that the Lieutenant-General had some improper motive? Has Sullivan a vote for Westminster, or does the General commanding-in-chief ignore sergeants? The Duke of Wellington used to say that non-commissioned officers could not have commissions because their untrained heads would not stand the intoxicating liquors necessarily consumed at mess. Does Lord Raglan apply this rule to the intoxication of praise? Does he play the Ganymede with that delightful stimulant to captains while he insists on temperance for sergeants, nay, on teetotalism? Assuredly the public will not agree with Raglan. If sergeants behave themselves like brave cavaliers, as they can, we like to hear their praise, and like to see them mentioned by generals commanding-in-chief.

— How does it happen that young ladies and young gentlemen resort to offices like the Matrimonial Institution to be brought together? They evidently have some money, if they can pay respectively 25*l.* and 10*l.* for an interview. Is it that fathers and mothers are too particular and give no desirable opportunities, or do they choose for themselves rather than for their children? There is no real social intercourse in this country among the middle class;

and thus, it may be, the young ladies, as they cannot be made happy at home, determine to try their fortunes, so to speak, "in the streets." No doubt the institution may be the means of making occasionally happy marriages, as far as the immediate parties are concerned, but the young peoples' only chance of a happy family is to make one for themselves.

— Lord Palmerston has really gone to Paris. The Paris correspondent of the *Observateur Belge* states that he has good grounds for knowing that a portion of the British Cabinet, particularly Lord Aberdeen, is opposed to the projected visit of Lord Palmerston to St. Cloud.

When a great actor of the old school dies, we are apt to hear it said, that he was the last of the Romans. Charles Kemble was the last of a great school and a great tradition, but it would be unjust to the living to deny that actors as good survive. Charles Kemble had a fine presence, and a certain nobleness of air and dignity of manner peculiar to the old school. He will be missed by a host of friends, and deserves to be regretted and to be remembered with respect and gratitude by all.

— The *Record* ("The *Record* has few ideas, and half of those are nasty.")—*Leader*, on the Nude Statue question) is very angry with the *Leader* for its recent compliments to royalty on the Sunday-playing of the Guides at Windsor; and the Nasal organ warns her Majesty of the *facile decausus* dangers:—

"The downward path in morals is always slippery, and never more than in the case of those who are surrounded by the temptations of royalty. The laws of God are supreme alike over princes and positive philosophers. We have no doubt that the music of the French Guides is far superior to the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and dulcimer, which were listened to by the king and his prime ministers on the plains of Dura; but counterpoints, mezzo-forte, and mezzo-piano, will do little, we fear, to justify an open breach of the commandments of God, or to make listening to opera-music on the Lord's-day a fitting employment for our rulers, when a world is rushing to arms, and every post is bringing us the solemn tidings of bloodshed and death. The positive philosophers may have invented a new history of the world to suit their views of human progress. But we still believe that Exeter-hall, whatever its faults or virtues, is not the birthplace of the Fourth Commandment; and that other sounds than either nasal moanings or boisterous sputtings were heard, when 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,' was uttered amidst the thick darkness, the thunder, the lightning, and the sound of the trumpet waxing louder and louder, by the lips of the Almighty King of earth and heaven. Nero fiddled whilst Rome was burning. We rejoice to think of the inverse contrasts between our Queen and Prince, and the Roman parricide. And we are pained all the more at this solitary resemblance, that after a public Fast-day in this spring, and a Thanksgiving-day in the autumn, they should be attending an opera in the open air, on the day which God has commanded them to keep holy, at the time when the roar of a thousand cannon, charged with death, may be heard wafted to us hourly from the Crimea, and the destinies of mighty empires are trembling in the balances of heaven."

This is cool: but it is a pity severe piety should lead to impudent disloyalty.

But these intense Protestants are strange creatures. Does the editor of the *Record* know anything of this advertisement? which is taken from the *Times*:—

TO ANTI-ROMANISTS.—The editor of a weekly periodical, which has been of more efficient service in resisting the aggressions of Rome and in serving the interests of true religion than any Protestant contemporary is for the moment in urgent WANT of 400*l.* at 5 per cent, to enable him to carry on the war with vigour. He will satisfy any capitalist who feels an adequate interest in the holy struggle, now at the hottest, of his thorough responsibility, and can prove that the investment would be as safe as if the security were real and not personal. No money-lender, bill discounter, or bill agent need apply. Address, Beta, Rastall's, 24, Ebury-street, Chester-square.

Going the Pope, for 400*l.* Anti-Romanism and impertinence to the Queen, weekly, for 400*l.* It's very cheap.

— How is it that Mr. (Lieutenant) Perry has not answered the indignant intimation of the Mayor of Windsor? Should not the subscribers of the fund, dubious as to the reality of their martyr, insist on having their money back, with a view to hand it over to the patriotic collection?

— What is the meaning of the rumoured recall of Sir Henry Bulwer from Tuscany (the Marquis of Normanby in his place)? And when such men as Bulwer and Seymour are unattached, what is the meaning of sending out an Hon. C. Murray, whom no one ever heard of, least of all the Shah, to take the post of British Minister at Teheran? The very ablest man that could be got hold of ought to be sent to fight Russia out there. No doubt it is, in routine, a third-rate post, with a third-rate salary, but, at such a crisis as this, our Government should, in all directions, get out of its routine.

Literature.

Cities are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

One of the best illustrations of the manner in which the war is engulfing all other interests is the fact that day after day the daily papers are devoting all their "leaders" to topics connected with the war, affording not one to other topics. We are now, however, in the very thick of the crisis; and the public will probably demand refreshment soon from these incessant "rumours of war." Meanwhile, as we have already said, the war is originating a whole literature of its own. This literature divides itself into two kinds—the descriptive literature of the war, and the speculative literature of the war.

Of the descriptive literature we have abundance and to spare. By far the most valuable part of it is the correspondence direct from the seat of war. The correspondents of the different newspapers seem to be competing with each other in the vividness and accuracy of their battle-paintings and scene-paintings; and in the mass of well-written letters from officers and privates which every post brings over, there are excellent minor touches of description, filling out the accounts received from the professional writers. After all, however, it is the most difficult thing in the world to describe a battle. We have read very good accounts of sieges, and it is possible for a non-military reader to understand a siege if tolerably well described; but we have never yet met with an account of a battle—we mean a real pitched battle, and not a mere fight or skirmish—which flashed the scene before us so as to make it conceivable and intelligible. Napier's *Peninsula War* is universally admitted to be a book pre-eminently good in its descriptions of battles; but we cannot say that even the pages of that work, with the inserted plans of the battles, ever made the whole phenomenon of a battle quite comprehensible to us—while, on the contrary, we may we picked up the sieges pretty well from the pages of the same work. The newspaper correspondents are doing their best to teach us to conceive battles better. Seated on tops of eminences these gentlemen survey battles going on, and send them home mapped and coloured. Some of them by this time must have over and over again gone through GORTHE's celebrated experience of the bullet-fever. Anxious to know what the sensation of being in a battle really was, GOETHE, when he accompanied the German army in its invasion of France during the French revolution, took an opportunity to ride out in a skirmish when the bullets were whistling and men were dropping. His description of his sensation was, that everything about him seemed of a brown colour; the brown air in which he moved seeming also to be hot, while his own body seemed also to have its temperature raised to that of the brown medium.

We cannot say that the speculative literature of the war keeps pace with the descriptive literature. A good exposition of those generalities, historical, social, and political, which are involved in the present war, and give it its importance, are still much needed. For example: the Greek Church question, and its bearings on the war, has hardly yet been stirred in any competent manner. Again: the whole doctrine of Panslavism, of which the present war is but an exemplification, and the right intelligence of which is necessary for a comprehension of the relations of Poland and other parts of Eastern Europe to Russia, is still *cavare* to most of us. The English are always slow in mastering generalities. With Anglo-Saxon stolidity they seize but enough the plain fact that the tyrant NICHOLAS, a man with a big stomach compressed by a belt, wants to get what he ought not to have, and is having thousands butchered to get it; but of NICHOLAS, in the grander historical aspect of him as a man in whose person large principles and tendencies are incarnate, and who believes he has a "mission," they have no conception. The French are far before us in this respect; and their speculative literature of the war is superior to ours.

The students of Glasgow University have elected the Duke of ARGYLE to succeed Lord EGLINTON as their Lord Rector—the Duke obtaining a large majority of votes over Mr. DISRAELI. Mr. CARLYLE was nominated, but was afterwards withdrawn. From the circumstance that the post has been occupied for a series of past years by some of the most notable men in the country, the Rectorship of Glasgow University is considered one of the highest honorary distinctions in the country. The students are the electors, and generally, the young men make a political use of the occasion, and divide into two parties—the one with a Whig, the other with a Conservative candidate. On one or two occasions—as when they elected CAMPBELL, the poet—they have had the sense to throw politics aside, and select a man purely on the ground of his intellectual fame. They have missed a splendid opportunity of so showing their sense on this occasion. Mr. CARLYLE is a man whose notions and phrases at this moment visibly pervade our whole intellectual atmosphere; and even many of those who delight in antagonising him, fight him with a mild *detritus* of his own principles and sayings. It is, perhaps, a law of the activity of such a man that he shall stand aloof from the chance of honorary distinctions, such as baronetcies, invitations to

Windsor Castle, solicitations to stand for boroughs, and lord-rectorships of colleges.

"He looks and laughs at a' that."

It is not the less to be objected to the students of Glasgow, that with the possibility of having such a man—a Scotchman, too—as their Lord Rector, they should have so much as named the Duke of ARGYLE. The Duke of ARGYLE is a meritorious young nobleman, with a cultivated mind and serious tastes—that is all; his election is referable to local influence: and Glasgow University "returning" him displays the same faculties as Tavistock when Tavistock elects a RUSSELL.

It deserves to be noted, as a fact signally illustrative of the present intellectual condition of the world, that at the present moment a number of able and highly-educated men are assembled in Rome, devoting their best energies to the solution of a question which they entitle "The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin." Besides the Pope himself and the resident Roman ecclesiastics, some thirty-five prelates from different parts of Italy and from Germany, France, England, Ireland, and America, are busy, laying their grey heads together in order to frame a final settlement of this question, which has been left undecided until now. The result will be that before the end of the present year, the one thousand millions of human beings who inhabit our planet will be furnished with definite instructions as to what they are to believe respecting the conception of the Virgin. There will no longer be that agony of suspense which has everywhere so visibly prevailed on this important subject! Strange!

It is hinted that CARDINAL WISEMAN, who is now in Rome, may be appointed Librarian of the Vatican in the room of CARDINAL MAL, deceased—the English Cardinal having the reputation of being the most book-learned man among the Cardinals. In such a post the Cardinal would have an opportunity of carrying into effect some of his views as to what kind of literature should be preserved, and what suppressed. Most probably, however, the appointment will not take place, if it involves a residence away from England.—MR. MACREADY is coming forth from his retirement so far as to undertake a series of dramatic readings in aid of local charities in Manchester and Birmingham. He is to read selections from the English poets in Manchester on the 27th, and in Birmingham on the 30th. Some go so far as to hope that he may once again tread the stage; but this is not likely.—MR. DICKENS is to read his *Christmas Carol* at an educational meeting at Bradford on the 28th of December—a graceful mode of serving a good cause. LORD ABERDEEN is made a Governor of the Charter House—a foundation in which there are many abuses to be reformed.—The announcement of BARNUM's *Autobiography*, which we made last week, is, of course, creating a sensation.

The recent reception at the PALAIS MAZARIN of the Bishop of OREANS was interesting and notable in many respects. The Bishop disappointed a few and conciliated many by the generous elevation of thought with which, in the name of the CHURCH, he affirmed the divine origin and the immortal destiny of LETTERS, and resumed with glowing and graceful eloquence the services rendered to civilisation by men of learning even in Pagan times. The Bishop declared himself a humble link in the chain which was destined to unite Literature and the Church, the Episcopate and the Academy. There were passages in the Bishop's address of so large and liberal a tone, so full of the spirit of charity and kindness, that the applause of that select audience could scarcely be restrained during their delivery. The composition of the address was in a style of scholarly severity tempered with a most winning and persuasive sweetness: theunction of the priest merged in the sympathy of the man. Altogether, the Bishop's language was a surprise, a charm, a reconciliation. But it was all the more welcome and remarkable that it was a bishop of Ultramontane rather than of Gallican tendencies (and who was on the eve of departure for Rome, to support with the authority of his learning and influence that dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which the Gallican Church disavows) who protested so warmly and so nobly in favour of the Pagan literature which a section of Ultramontanists would fain banish from the education of the youth of the nineteenth century, to give place to the Latin of the schoolmen and a few scraps of Greek from the Fathers. By the side of the Bishop, who spoke of Plato and of Virgil as of men in some sort inspired, sat COUNT MONTALEMBERT, and M. VICTOR COUSIN, the deserter from philosophy into the boudoirs of the seventeenth century, was gaily recanting his liberty of thought in the midst of a group of discarded and fallen ministers of impossible monarchies, and political apostates of effete régimes. COUNT SALVANDY, ex-Grand Master of the University and President of the Academy, replied to the Bishop of Orleans. His reply would naturally, we might suppose, be a dignified eulogy of the new academician, and a layman's response to the priest's vindication of the human intellect. Little do they know of the *coteries* that compose the Forty of the Palais Mazarin, who imagine such a reply as this from COUNT SALVANDY. The speech of the ex-Minister of Public Instruction was a tissue of feeble and querulous recriminations against the French Revolution, but for which, most assuredly, COUNT SALVANDY would never have been even an ex-minister. COUNT SALVANDY insisted, by the way, on the necessity of learning

the right use of words, and of precise definitions. He attributed the prevalent "disorders of opinion" to the insane perversion of formulas carried to excess by demagogic writers. The Bishop had already, with far more purpose and propriety, but with an emphasis which to the uninitiated may have seemed almost irony, adored the "DICTIONARY" which it is the special province of the Academy to conserve. COUNT SALVANDY anathematised with a melancholy affluence of common-place declamation all revolutions. It is the last privilege of these rejected statesmen to forget, and this ex-minister forgets that he once conspicuously celebrated the Revolution of 1830. It is true that *il y a fagot et fagot*. The Revolution of 1830 carried M. de SALVANDY into power and place. A subsequent crisis consigned him, after a moral quarantine at Jersey, to this refuge of political sensibilities. The Academy of Forty, which used to have "the wit of force," possesses now the weakness and the wilfulness of two impotent royalties. The PALAIS MAZARIN is a Hospital of Invalides—we should rather say Incurables. Many other points are suggested by this recent sitting of the French Academy. For the present we must be content with this pleasant episcopal surprise and this pitiable political apostacy.

NEW ZEALAND.

Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders. By Edward Shortland.

Longmans.

THE earliest superstitions of any branch of the human family present one of the profoundest subjects of investigation to the philosophical inquirer who pursues the first faint footsteps of the world's history through the successive developments and migrations of the race, and often in the dim records of some savage tribe seems to penetrate to the rude alphabet of the universal language, and of the immemorial belief. We are therefore surprised to learn that "the missionaries (in New Zealand), who, from their knowledge of the language, alone had it in their power for many years to converse freely with the native race, seem to have avoided all inquiries on such subjects." It was surely a weak and narrow theory of duty to regard these superstitions as mere exercises of ingenuity for the ethnologist, and altogether foreign, if not hostile, to the work of the apostle. Perhaps so mistaken a reticence may account for those imperfect and insincere conversions with which missionaries have too often been content to feed the confidence of their Societies. For how is a physician to effect a real cure without having obtained an insight into the constitutional predispositions of the patient? A cannibal may be converted from man-flesh to mutton, but how shall a genuine Christian be manufactured out of an hereditary believer in *Atua* and *Tapu* by a preacher who has never taken the trouble, or had the courage, to sound the recesses of those savage instincts of awe and fear? The soil must be prepared for the sowing of the new and purer faith—and how? By striking at the roots of the old.

The writer of this singularly interesting little book, Mr. Shortland, has had peculiar opportunities of studying the manners and traditions of the aborigines of New Zealand, from many years' residence in districts to which the missions had scarcely penetrated, and in close and friendly intercourse with the natives, of whom he subsequently became the official protector in the dealings with the Colonial Government, and the Company.

The natives almost universally attribute their origin to the crews of three canoes, who, according to their tradition, migrated some five hundred years ago from an island named Hawaiki, which they point out to be in a north-east direction from New Zealand. The genealogies of several chiefs attested and compared, and the scantiness of the population in the islands when first discovered by Cook, "and more particularly so of the middle and southern islands, which, according to the accounts given by the New Zealanders, were colonised from the north island," seem to support this tradition.

This island of Hawaiki Mr. Shortland conjectures to be "the principal one of the Sandwich Island group, pronounced Hawaii by its present native inhabitants, the Owahee of Cook." There is no reason to believe that the canoes could not have accomplished the voyage. The language of the New Zealanders is found to be nearly identical with that of Hawaii. "Both were found, on their first discovery by Cook, to resemble each other in personal appearance, in warlike disposition, and in the practice of cannibalism." Similar ceremonies and customs, and similar habits of subsistence, seem to establish the connexion between the inhabitants of these islands, so remote from each other. The natives of New Zealand are a mixed race, "containing among them two elements, one of which may be called the pure Indian, the other being the Papuan." Their "prevailing type of feature is the Indian."

These traces of a mixed race are easily accounted for by supposing, as indeed appears certain, that the Indian Archipelago and the Malay Peninsula were primitive inhabitants by Papuans, and that the brown or copper-coloured race, whom we have called Indian, invaded their country and took possession of parts of it; for a long time must have elapsed between their first invasion of the Malay Peninsula and their conquest of the Philippine Islands, from which point we suppose the ancestors of the Polynesians to have migrated. And during the interval, in which the two races remained so nearly in contact, while the one was being supplanted or absorbed by the other, no doubt alliances must have taken place between individuals of opposite sexes, giving rise to the appearances of a mixed race now observed."

The New Zealanders had no idea of a Supreme Being creating and overruling all things." They invested the heavens and earth with individual existences, and their cosmogony was a *generation* rather than a *creation*. The Adam of the New Zealanders was known as Tiki-ahua, and their idea of aristocracy was democratic enough, for to be designated as the son of Ti-ki was the highest evidence of good birth. The *Atua*, or supernatural beings, are believed to have existed before man, but to be indifferent to human affairs: the *Atua* who watch over a tribe are the spirits of its departed warriors. The *tohunga*, a family priest, is the intercessor with the *Atua*. The abode of spirits is a region situated beneath the earth, called Te Reinga. Some tribes preserve small carved images of wood, each of which is dedicated to the spirit of an ancestor, who is believed to enter into its substance to hold converse with the living. These images are not wor-

shipped, nor held sacred as possessing in themselves virtue, but merely as having been in contact with an *Atua*. Mr. Shortland had an interview with certain *Atua*, which, like the spirit-rappings, was half failure, half success. We regret our space will not allow us to extract the account of this amusing *seance*. There is nothing in these small images, and in the belief that spirits enter into their substance, that may not be paralleled nearer home in less savage nations, and the reservation that the images are not worshipped, but only held sacred, is not unfamiliar to our experience. The following passage is highly characteristic:—

"Some persons have imagined that they could trace in the traditions of the New Zealanders vestiges of the principal historical facts connected with the early state of mankind, recorded by Moses. But, I must confess, that my inquiries on these subjects have led me to arrive at very different conclusions. A gentleman connected with the Church Mission, with whom I was once conversing on the subject, assured me that the natives among whom he resided had a distinct tradition of the Deluge. As this gentleman had been twelve or fourteen years in the country, and possessed an intimate knowledge of the *Maori* language, his statement would have been generally accepted as most worthy of reliance. On further inquiry, however, from the same tribe of natives who were his informants, I was soon convinced that he had been misled by his own preconceived ideas, and that the Deluge of his imagination was no more than a remarkable flood, which had overwhelmed a village several generations ago. The particulars of this event I obtained from a chief named Te Awhi."

Tapu, or *tabou*, from which we get our word *taboo*, means, literally, "marked thoroughly," and, in a secondary sense, "sacred or prohibited":—

"The fundamental law on which all their superstitious restrictions depend is, that if anything *tapu* is permitted to come in contact with food, or with any vessel or place where food is ordinarily kept, such food must not afterwards be eat by any one, and such vessel or place must no longer be devoted to its ordinary use; the food, vessel, or place becoming *tapu* from the instant of its contact with an object already *tapu*."

Everything not *tapu* is *noa*, or free and common, and the *tapu* may be removed by certain ceremonies, but for which everything would have become *tapu* in time, and so life itself would have come to a full stop! This belief in *tapu* has become much relaxed since the introduction of Christianity, but it has not entirely disappeared, nor have the *Atua* been altogether superseded by the new faith.

The only cause of disease is supposed to be the possession of the body by infant spirits, the agents of the vengeance of the *Atua*.

It is not so very long ago that witchcraft was flourishing in England: in New Zealand this profession is known by the name of *makutu*, which is, in fact, the mystery of bringing down the anger of the *Atua* on your enemy.

It is remarkable that when the first missionaries preached in New Zealand the "*Atua* always declared Jesus Christ to be the true God;" "and this may account," continues Mr. Shortland, "for the little opposition which the introduction of Christianity received in New Zealand." Sometimes part of a tribe or family became converts, while the rest remained in their old belief. "And it sometimes became a matter of arrangement among the elders who should be missionary and who should remain devil." The jealousies of tribes, says Mr. Shortland, have often determined the selection of a form of Christianity, as the following example proves:—

"Had it not been for the existence of such jealousies, the whole native population of Cook's Straits would, in all likelihood, have become members of the Church of England; for the first European Missionary who resided in that part of New Zealand, the Rev. O. Hadfield, was a most zealous and intelligent minister of the Gospel. But it so happened that the young chiefs of the tribe called Ngaitoto would not receive instruction from him, because a son and nephew of Te Rauparaha, of whom they were jealous, had the credit generally with their people of having brought Mr. Hadfield from the Bay of Islands to dwell with them. They, therefore, determined to have a Missionary of their own finding, and went to the head-quarters of the Wesleyan establishment, and prevailed on that body to send one of their number to reside with them. Thus the inhabitants of Cook's Straits became divided between the Church of England and the Wesleyan sect."

We cannot, in our limited space, do justice to the various and ample information contained in this little volume on the social condition and customs of the New Zealanders. The chapters on the ceremonies attending births and burials; on the education and amusements of youth; on their war and love songs, are full of interest. The life of the aborigines when first discovered is vividly described: their agriculture, their mechanical skill, their mode of barter, their calendar: their social distinctions, forms of justice, laws and precedents: their arms and fortifications, and modes of warfare: their tenure of land, and form of bequests and titles—all these important topics are handled with perfect mastery of the subject, and illustrated by special cases. The last chapter, on the classification of lands according to the titles of claimants, and on the disputes arising out of the purchase of land from natives with doubtful titles, deserves to be read by all colonists, and by all who pay attention to colonial affairs; it bears the mark of the writer's active experience. In an appendix will be found valuable illustrative notes, and a vocabulary of native words.

NEW ZEALAND and the name of SELWYN are imperishably associated in the annals of that new world which is to redress the balance of the old. The labours and sufferings of this heroic man and true type of a Christian apostle have not only taught humanity to cannibals and civilisation to savages; they have made the religion of the Cross a promise and a pledge of justice and beneficence, a standard of right and liberty, a luminary of peace and order, wherever his footsteps have left a trace and his voice an echo. Bishop SELWYN has preached and worked, it may be said, as the representative of a local system and of a local form of worship which, even within the sphere of the Christian world, occupies the position and exerts the influence rather of a powerful sect than of a catholic unity. But all the power and patronage of aristocratic England at his back could not have done his work as he has done it if the spirit of the worker had been less honest, fearless, and upright. Bishop SELWYN has done for the English Church what Canning promised to do for free institutions. He has "redressed the balance" of a Church weakened by wealth, corrupted by compromise, tottering under privileges, and torpid with repose at home, by the creation of a church in those far islands of the South Pacific, which in labours and perils and watchings, in suffering and self-denial, half recalls the purity and the strength of that earlier and austere age when the faith was purchased by the poverty of outcasts, and sealed by the blood of martyrs;—when the only crown to which be-

nevers bowed was the crown of thorns;—when wealth and worldly consideration, and courtly flatteries and the blandishments of the great, were not the attributes and the appanages of priests and confessors, and the livery of bishops was not the consecration of “repose.”

But how has the Bishop of New Zealand revived at the antipodes the type forgotten and effaced at home? Simply by living, and working out the faith he preached and the doctrine he taught. Armed with no other authority than the word of his message—a message of good tidings—he has stood before the savages the living symbol of active faith; and the presence of a sincerity so energetic, and a purpose so heroic, has won thousands upon whom words and formulas would have been as chaff before the wind.

Unlike too many missionaries, Bishop SELWYN began his work at the right end: he laboured to humanise before seeking to convert; he taught the savages how a being with a mind and soul should live towards his fellow-man before he attempted to ingraft a new theory upon an old superstition. He first conciliated his rude disciples to the sublime privilege of intelligence, and to the responsibilities of reason and conscience, and only by slow but sure degrees moulded the thinker into the believer. Others have been idly content to strew over the confused terrors and aspirations that make up the aboriginal religion, a thin layer of evangelical formulas, as if *uniformity* were Christianity. The result has been to substitute an ingenuous hypocrisy and a lifeless vacancy for the rude but sincere sense of awe and mystery which had surrounded the life and consoled the death of the savage. Bishop SELWYN taught and proved to his untutored congregations that civilisation was not necessarily disease and vice, nor Christianity a cloak for systematic rapine and aggression: that the Church was not a government expropriator, nor a colonial quack in a sanctimonious disguise; but, on the contrary, a bond of reconciliation, an authority of intercession, and a law of charity. We cannot wonder that New Zealand should be appealed to as a proof of that vitality which is denied to the Church at home, not by her enemies, but by her protectors. Is it that in England the Church is a corporation, in New Zealand a camp?

A TALKER WORTH LISTENING TO.

The Table-Talk of John Selden: with Notes by David Irving, LL.D.

Constable and Co.

Among the law-students who took chambers in the Inner Temple in the year 1604, was one John Selden, the son of a musician, and the hardest-working scholar of his time. After having been called to the bar, he practised chiefly as a conveyancer and chamber-counsel. Gaining a large income by his professional labours, famous among his brethren as the most learned in the law of any man in his day, John Selden was not content with great legal success and reputation. Versed in classical, oriental, and Gothic knowledge, he made himself famous as a profound and voluminous writer on antiquities; entered into a controversy with Grotius on a question of jurisprudence; won the friendship of Clarendon, Jonson, and Butler; and applied notes to that prodigious and perfectly unreadable poem, the *Poly-Olio* of Michael Drayton. Besides distinguishing himself in these various ways, he became a senator, representing in the House of Commons first Lancaster, then Great Bedwin, then the University of Oxford. Though the most moderate of men, he was more than once committed to custody for expressing himself too honestly in his speeches, under the reign of Charles I. But when Parliament began to resist the tyrant, he was appointed to the office of Keeper of the Records in the Tower, by a vote of the House. He died while Oliver Cromwell was still Protector of England, leaving behind him a well-earned reputation, as one of the most learned and industrious men that ever lived.

Considering how much Selden did for himself, it is strange that his claims to the attention of posterity should rest, almost exclusively, on what another man has done for him. Such, however, is strictly the case. His reputation as a great scholar, a profound lawyer, and a moderate Parliament man, is not the sort of reputation that lasts for centuries. His works are confessed, by the very few learned men who have read them in later times, to be harsh, obscure, and unattractive in style. He would, beyond all doubt, not have been known now beyond the circle of a few patient scholars and antiquaries, but for the possession of a gift which he himself most likely valued least of all the faculties that distinguished him—the gift of conversation. We know Selden, in these times, not by what he wrote or did, but by what he said. His *Table-Talk* is the one sound pillar on which the weight of his fame rests; and that pillar is built up by another man—otherwise entirely obscure—his amanuensis, Richard Milward. For twenty years Milward was the trusted friend and assistant of Selden. During that period, fortunately for posterity and for his master, he committed to writing, from time to time, some of the best things which fell from the famous scholar's lips in his social moments. The collection of sayings thus made was published thirty-five years after Selden's death, and has lasted, through various new editions, as one of the classical books of English literature, from that time to this.

Comparing Selden with two other famous talkers whose sayings have been recorded, we must pronounce him to be, in our opinion, inferior to Johnson, but in most ways superior to Coleridge. He has not Johnson's vast human sympathies, or Johnson's extraordinary wit and information as a talker. But in general felicity of illustration he seems to us to approach the great and good doctor closely. The clearness—the admirable clearness—of his language is always on a par with the shrewdness of his observation, and the vigour and wisdom of his thoughts on most subjects. In the first great requisite of intelligibility he is far superior to Coleridge. He has no magnificence of colloquial imagery, and tries no daring flights of metaphysical speculation; but in shrewd worldly wisdom—worldly in the better sense of the word—he is far in advance of Coleridge, and consequently far more instructive and amusing to readers in general. There are passages in the records of his talk—especially the passages in which women are the subjects of conversation—which give us no very pleasant idea of his disposition, for they present him in the character of an inveterately hard-headed and hard-hearted lawyer, who will take only the practical (sometimes only the cynical)

view of all earthly subjects. But of the wisdom and shrewdness of the man, of the extraordinary vigour and readiness of his intellect, and of his marvellous clearness of expression as well as of thought, almost every page of his *Table-Talk* affords some striking example. His conversation embraces a wide range of literary, political, moral, and theological subjects; and on every one of them he has delivered himself of opinions which are as important as instructive, and as true in our day as they were in his. Let us hear him on one or two topics, which will probably be topics of universal interest as long as the world lasts.

Beginning with Religion—will our orthodox readers permit us to quote what Selden has to say on a doctrine which has been rather fiercely handled in a controversial way of late? Here are the opinions on the subject of Eternal Punishment of a man whose funeral sermon was preached by an archbishop, and who is vouched for by Chief Justice Hale as “a resolved, serious Christian.”

If the physician sees you eat anything that is not good for your body, to keep you from it he cries ‘tis poison; if the divine sees you do anything that is hurtful for your soul, to keep you from it, he cries you are damned.

To preach long, loud, and damnation, is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him again to save us. If a man had a sore leg, and he should go to an honest, judicious chirurgeon, and he should only bid him keep it warm, and anoint with such an oil, an oil well known, that would do the cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the medicine beforehand an ordinary medicine. But if he should go to a surgeon that should tell him, your leg will gangrene within three days, and it must be cut off, and you will die unless you do something that I could tell you, what listening there would be to this man! Oh, for the Lord's sake, tell me what this is; I will give you any content for your pains.

Orthodox people—like the authorities of King's College, for instance, who only renounced their “love” of Mr. Maurice when Mr. Maurice declined to “damn” them in return—may object to the conclusions to which these words lead, though they are spoken by “a resolved, serious Christian.” Of the wit, shrewdness, and clear common sense of Selden, they must, however, be allowed by everybody to furnish a notable example. Again, these few sentences (from which certain controversial gentlemen whom we could mention might learn a valuable lesson) show his wisdom and clear-sightedness in a very remarkable manner:

IDOLATRY.

Idolatry is in a man's own thought, not in the opinion of another. Put case—I bow to the altar, why am I guilty of idolatry? Because a stander-by thinks so? I am sure I do not believe the altar to be God; and the God I worship may be bowed to in all places, and at all times.

Not less justly does he think and express himself here:

PRIDE.

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttony there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking: 'tis not the eating, nor 'tis not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

The next wise saying we shall quote, is as true now as when it was first uttered. Selden is speaking of

WAR.

We look after the particulars of a battle, because we live in the very time of war; whereas of battles past we hear nothing but the numbers slain. Just as for the death of a man: when he is sick, we talk how he slept this night, and that night, what he eat, and what he drank; but when he is dead, we only say, he died of a fever, or name his disease, and there's an end.

Occasionally, Selden's wit fails him, and then he takes refuge in a quibble of the small and dreary kind, as in this extremely grim joke about

GOOD WORKS.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, when all the abbeys were pulled down, all good works defaced, then the preachers must cry up justification by faith, not by good works.

Sometimes he is atrociously cynical in speaking of women. Had he fallen in love, made an offer, and got his ears boxed for his pains, when he said this about

MAN AND WIFE?

'Tis reason a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, 'tis fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks.

After that, it will be needless to tell our fair readers that Selden was never married. He makes a wonderful observation, in his capacity of cynical old bachelor, on

THE WIVES OF BISHOPS.

You shall see a monkey sometimes, that has been playing up and down the garden, at length leap up to the top of the wall, but his clog hangs a great way below on this side. The bishop's wife is like that monkey's clog; himself is got up very high, takes place of the temporal barons, but his wife comes a great way behind.

When a bishop is compared to a lively monkey, and a bishop's wife to a heavily “clog,” it is time to change the subject, and get back to less dangerously free and easy talk. Let Selden tell us, in an imminently quaint way, a capital story of

A BLIND FIDDLER.

A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing but scurvy, the company laughed at him; his boy that led him, perceiving it, cried, “Father, let us begone, they do nothing but laugh at you.” “Hold thy peace, boy,” said the fiddler; “we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them.”

One noble saying, and we must have done. Selden is talking of

MORAL HONESTY.

They that cry down moral honesty, cry down that which is a great part of religion, my duty towards God, and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home? On the other hand, morality must not be without religion; for if so, it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not religion to govern his morality, is not a dram better than my mastiff dog; so long as you stroke him, and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be, he is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face, and tear out your throat.

Before we close Selden's *Table-Talk*, we must thank Doctor Irving for the excellent edition which has occasioned the present notice. The preface is full of useful facts about Selden, and the notes throughout show genuine intelligence of research. On every account, we can honestly recommend the book to our readers.

REPRINTS, REPUBLICATIONS, ETC.

The first of our present list in bulk and weight, as in the importance of its pretensions and the value of its materials, is unquestionably the new edition of Mr. J. R. McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary. (Longmans.) The first edition of this work of our laborious statistician and economist appeared in 1841; the second if we mistake not, ten years after, in which many mistakes were rectified, and the inevitable omissions created by the lapse of ten busy progressive years of peace with all the attendant activities of a commercial civilisation, were, as far as possible, corrected and supplied. In this edition a new preface informs us, "the articles Australia, Russia, and Turkey have been mostly rewritten." The constant developments required in a work like this, which professes to be a stock-taking of the civilised world to the latest dates, are in themselves a notable comment upon that vital law of progress which, surveyed broadly in its ceaseless operation, makes the longest war seem but a momentary disturbance, and permits us to smile at the puny efforts of all the despotisms and all the reactions to resist their destiny and our own. We have already noticed the articles on Russia and Turkey, which were published some months since as a volume of the "Traveller's Library," and we glanced at the contrast in the writer's appreciations of the two empires. Mr. McCulloch's barometer is "set fair" when he points to Russia, and a falling glass when he points to Turkey. In short, the Ottoman Empire, in Mr. McCulloch's estimation, is the sick man of that *Médecin malgré lui*, the Czar Nicholas. We are far from disputing many of the facts, accumulated with his accustomed diligence by the statistician; but his commentary, too often dry as an invoice, lumbering as law "forms," and tedious as a sermon, is not perhaps to be received with equal confidence. It is one thing to collect (and we may add to *arrange*) facts and data, another to generalise like a philosopher, and to draw conclusions like a statesman. Mr. McCulloch's political views are always and exclusively those of the counting-house, and read in that light, they may be occasionally sound and suggestive enough, inasmuch as they represent a large share of the more energetic tendencies of our time. For comprehensive induction, for profound analysis, for large generalisation, for any of the qualities of the political or social philosopher, we must not look amidst this rough heap of figures and facts. But it may be stated that few men have devoted themselves with so much industry, and with so much general knowledge of the sources of authentic information, to collect facts, statistical statements, and to place them in order to serve as Manual. From the turn of Mr. McCulloch's mind, which enables him more to estimate the mechanical weight of a fact, almost by a certain instinct, than to understand its convertible use as an element in the chemistry of argument, there is much of the pitchfork in his mode of compilation. He can thresh corn to get rid of the bulk of the chaff, but he cannot analyse the chemical extract, which has the virtue without the dross. Falling in with the general liberal ideas of Free-traders and Whigs, he has been patted on the back, encouraged and assisted, and his natural taste has found every facility for revelling in the collection of official documents, departmental and commercial figures, and systematic grouping.

The opinions that are necessarily mingled with every condensed form of statement are, in his case, totally devoid of originality. They are essentially common-place, but as the progress of knowledge and the development of intellect render the common-place of one day the fallacy of the next, Mr. McCulloch's application of his facts, so far as it depends upon his own insight and opinion, cannot be trusted; he was right before 1836 or 1842, he is considerably out of date at the present day. A trifling characteristic of his style indicates the moral short-coming of the man. In a work essentially dry and matter-of-fact, he is profuse in the expenditure of notes of admiration. While printing out an increase, he cannot arrive at a large statement without being astonished by it. Having prepared you for the information that the United States produced an immense amount of cotton, when he comes to the statement that, in 1841, the quantity was 530,404,100lbs., he puts a note of admiration to mark his amazement, and then another note of admiration to express his wonder that of that number 523,960,676lbs. were upland. Explaining the enormities of smuggling under high spirit duties, the admiring turn of his punctuation is constantly repeated; he is astonished at his own facts. His condition of wonderment shows that only by an effort can he conceive the idea of which he is himself the carrier, from the storehouse of statistical information to the reader. Nevertheless it must be presumed that a higher intellect, which could have made a better book, would scarcely consent to the enormous drudgery involved in the construction of such a mass of materials. Since, with all these faults, which it is so easy to point out, the book is still not superseded by a better, we may conscientiously pronounce Mr. McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary a standard work of reference, equally valuable to the statesman, the economist, the merchant, and the journalist.

Mr. Bohn, undeterred by the war, continues his serial standard editions with spirit and success. Indeed, the success of these publications is unaffected by the chances and changes to which the other departments of literature are exposed. Once recognised as indispensable additions to the library of a working leader of moderate means, these editions are secure of a large and increasing circle of steady purchasers. The present number of the Antiquarian Library is an able and careful translation of old Florence of Worcester's *Latin Chronicle*, with the two continuations; the first of which the translator ascribes to a disciple of Florence, and the second to a monk of Bury St. Edmunds. This latter continuation is "now for the first time presented to the English reader." The volume comprises annals of English history from the departure of the Romans to nearly the close of the reign of Edward I., terminating in the year 1295. It abounds with curious information, throwing light on the manners and politics of that age. Mr. Forrester, the translator, conducts the reader through the mazes of the *Chronicle* by the aid of brief and useful illustrative notes, and an elaborate

index. To the student of our earliest history these chronicles, made readable and intelligible, and condensed into a moderate compass, are a treasure, and Mr. Bohn's series has hitherto been very creditably executed. We are tempted to extract an account of "How the devil, in the shape of a black dwarf, was made a monk." This happened in A.D. 1138. But space forbids us, and we pass on to the Philosophical Library. The present number is a continuation of the Works of Locke, comprising his *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and an Appendix, in which the Editor, Mr. J. A. St. John has, with considerable care and judgment, reprinted such portions of John Locke's famous controversial correspondence with the Bishop of Worcester as illustrate, without encumbering, the *Essay* itself; and without, as Mr. J. A. St. John observes, repeating what he had there stated in a briefer and more masterly style. This selection has been dexterously made, and the Index, which is clear, without being too copious, completes the usefulness of the present edition.

A compact edition of EDMUND BURKE'S Works was a void to be filled in the shelves of the political student; and this void is filled by Mr. Bohn. Here is a neat, well-printed volume, containing that masterpiece of irony the "Vindication of Natural Society," the "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," and a batch of political miscellanies, of which the most notable are the *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontent* (1776), and the *Speech on Conciliation with America*.

We now come to a more miscellaneous order of publications. Among these, in justice to the fine taste and feeling of the editor, the Rev. R. A. Wilmott, we take up first WILLIAM COWPER'S Works, in one volume, enriched with an introductory notice, which Mr. Wilmott has very fairly described as a picture sketch of the poet's life and genius; a sketch, we may add, drawn by a hand at once graceful, sympathetic, and accomplished.

Leaves from the Diary of an Officer of the Guards are a few stirring recollections of military service in "the Peninsula," in 1809, dedicated with true feeling to the gallant Brigadier Bentinck, who now commands the Guards in another and not less celebrated peninsula. These sketches of campaigning life have the advantage of being quite à l'ordre du jour just now, though we are almost forgetting the last war of giants in the overwhelming auxiliaries of a conflict scarcely less gigantic. The "Veteran Comrade" of the Guards is still welcome.

It is a popular opinion that MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE did quite enough in the decapitation line before he was himself devoured by the insatiable maw of the Revolution. It is, perhaps, not so generally known, that by some mysterious fatality he continues to exercise that terrible pastime. The most recent victim is Mr. HENRY BLISS, one of Her Majesty's Council. Any one who will be so bold as to look into the solid pages of *Robespierre—a Tragedy*, will observe, not without compassion, that the perpetrator had lost his head, and all that is therein, before he sat down to what he pleasantly calls a "labour of love." Mr. Bliss, perhaps, proposed to himself to make Robespierre *comic*; we can only regret that he should have taken so roundabout a way of effecting his purpose. We have seldom met with a more dismal, ludicrous performance even in the whole range of modern tragedies than this solemn and sententious caricature, which there is too much reason to believe, Mr. Henry Bliss conceived in gravity, and executed with due premeditation. It is true that in the bald prose preface to the balder verse of this "Tragedy," the author informs a legal friend who had preceded him in the tragic career that "the sole merit consists, no doubt, in attempting to contribute to the amusement of others." So frank and unassuming an apology anticipates and disarms all serious criticism. The jocose and lively author of *Philip the Second—a Tragedy*, whatever and wherever that tragedy may be, received an announcement of a friend of his intention to publish with an immediate promise to order an early copy of his trunkmaker. "Ta ra, Georges Dandin!"

Mr. Routledge continues the cheap edition of Sir Bulwer Lytton's works with the latest and most elaborate, *My Novel*, which even in double columns fills two considerable volumes of clear but small type. This is not the place to enter into any detailed examination of a work of elaborate construction and most varied power. *My Novel* is probably not destined to be a popular novel, nor are the "varieties in English life" it professes to depict such as are often encountered in actual flesh and blood. As types, highly Bulwerised, the characters in *My Novel* have all the charm of consummate art, all the glow of a brilliant imagination, and all the strength of maturity. There is abundance of observation, of knowledge of the world, of thought, of feeling, of culture, in these vigorous creations. The work is done in a workmanlike way, by a skilful manipulator and an ardent colourist. But the talk is always stagey, and all the personages in the story attitudinize evermore. This, indeed, is Bulwerish, and justifies its reputation, which we do not at all pretend to dispute.

Olive is one of the most pleasing of feminine novels: it has the merit of being feminine in its merits as well as in its defects, a rare qualification in the productions of our modern authoresses. Messrs. Chapman and Hall are, we think, justified in adding *Olive* to their Select Library of Fiction.

Hera is one of those cruelly comic books, designed to draw our laughter with forty-corkscrew power. Our readers know by this time how savagely impatient we are of these assaults. The writers of *Mirth and Metre* have fallen into the disastrous mistake of taking the wind out of the sails of their critics by anticipating the possible sneers of that churlish herd. Were we disposed to be ill-conditioned, we might suggest to Mr. Frank Smedley and Mr. Edmund Yates that they had not taken into account that unkindest of all criticisms, the criticism of silence. For our own part, we are disposed to be neither silent nor hostile; certainly not to charge these *Lays* and *Legends* with a servile imitation of Thomas Ingoldsby. There is room for all in every field of literature, and great originals may have followers scarcely less original. These Ingoldsby *lays* and *legends* have a *verve* of their own, and we are inclined to attribute to Mr. Edmund Yates a faculty for something better than merely "comic" writing.

Among the serials we can only mention, in the most cursory manner, the *Land we Live In* (Orr and Co.), originally published by Charles Knight; the second part of *Zoology*, by W. S. Dallas, in the *Circle of the Sciences* (Orr and Co.); the *Family Friend*, one of the innumerable twopenny tribe, useful and even amusing to the moderately ingenuous reader; the *Monthly Christian Spectator* (Freeman), a consistently religious, but not fanatical review; the *Butterflies of Great Britain, with their Transformations*, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. (Orr and Co.), a pretty contribution to the lighter library of the naturalist; three suc-

cient but complete educational Manuals, by Professors of distinction, on Plane Trigonometry, Mechanics, and Hydrostatics (Longman and Co.); the *Stepping-stone to Animal and Vegetable Physiology*, by Mary Shield (Longman and Co.), a modest but not ineffective conversational introduction to the science of what the authoress not inaptly calls the "physical revelation" of the Creator; an illustrated Byron (Vizetelly and Co.), which would be better without the illustrations; the first number of a new story, by Frank Fairleg, called *Harry Coverdale's Courtship, and What Became of It*; a temperate and reasonable pamphlet, by a Catholic Priest, on the reconciliation of science and religion (*Is Physical Science the Handmaid or the Enemy of the Christian Revelation?*), by the Rev. James A. Stothert (Marsh and Beattie, Edinburgh); and an Essay, with the startling title of *Ireland's Recovery*, by a gentleman with the famous name of John Locke (John W. Parker and Son), of which we may say a few words.

We have been so used to hear of nothing but difficulty and agitation in connexion with Ireland, that the very title of this Essay is recommendation which its contents do not disappoint. In twenty-four pages, supported by a copious and careful appendix of the data on which the Essay is founded, Mr. Locke discusses, with the closeness and precision of a practised statistic, the convalescent symptoms of the "first flower of the earth, first gem of the sea," whose virtues and capacities have so long been a mere figure of speech for agitators, who lived on the sickness, and would have been ruined by the cure, of their distracted country. In emigration and its accompanying reparative, agencies of decreased pauperism and industrial progress, in a solvent proprietary, in a reproductive workhouse system, in practical educational efforts, in the rise of wages, in agricultural improvements, in social concord, in renewed commercial and manufacturing activity, in the development of national resources, in railway enterprise, and last, but not least, in the operation of the Encumbered Estates Commission, Mr. Locke discerns the slow but sure recovery of Ireland. Poor Ireland has been so much regarded as a hospital of incurables, and its doctors have been so generally mad-doctors, or quacks, that we may well be glad to meet with one who feels the pulse without shaking his head, and promises a cure without the alternative of killing.

"Truth's Conflicts and Truth's Triumphs; or, the Seven-headed Serpent Slain," by Stephen Jenner, M.A.—an allegory, and a series of Essays of a theological tenor, directed, apparently, against Puseyism and other "serpents" in the Church of England.

MR. MOONCALF AMONG THE AUTHORS.

Recollections of Literary Characters and Celebrated Places. By Mrs. Thomson. Author of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.," &c., &c. Beatley.

On turning to Mrs. Thomson's Preface, after looking through her two volumes of so-called *Recollections*, it afforded us considerable relief and satisfaction to read the following explanatory sentence:—"In venturing to offer, from my own personal knowledge, reminiscences of some of the departed literati of England, I wrote under the appellation of 'A Middle-aged Man,' in order that, by better disguising myself, I might at the same time express myself the more unreservedly." For Mrs. Thomson herself we have a great respect. She has hitherto, as far as we know anything of her works, honestly enough endeavoured to turn what literary ability she possesses to the best account; and we should have been very sorry if we had been obliged to say to her, what we must positively say to some responsible person, in reference to the volumes before us. This person we now find ready-made to our hands in the shape of "A Middle-aged Man;" and we propose, in a critical point of view, to "collar" him forthwith, on the charge of having produced an extremely absurd and wretched book. To Mrs. Thomson herself, we respectfully bow our farewell at the outset. To Mrs. Thomson's assumed character we say:—"Come into court, and be judged! You are, in a meek and mild way, one of the most arrant humbugs we have encountered for a long time past; and you shall not show yourself in public with impunity."

Though the name of the "Middle-aged Man" does not appear, earnest investigation of his character, manners, habits, and style of writing, convinces us that he must certainly have been announced, when he got himself asked to parties by his famous literary friends, as Mr. Mooncalf. By that name we will call him—subject of course to correction, if we have made any mistake, and if he will honour us by leaving his card at the office of this journal.

We consider Mr. Mooncalf to be a humbug, because, by his own confession, he knows next to nothing of most of the literary characters about whom he pretends to inform the public in his soft and slip-slop way. He begins with Dr. Maginn. "I saw him one evening," says Mr. Mooncalf; "how well I remember it! and with what throes and throns the remembrance is even now recalled!" What went on to produce all these "throes and throns" in what our author, a little further on, touchingly calls his "elderly heart?" Did Maginn and Mooncalf burst into tears and fall on each other's necks? Nothing of the sort. Mooncalf was not even introduced. A circle of admirers stood round Maginn. Mooncalf pottered about outside the circle, looked, listened, passed on—and there was an end of it for that time. Again, Mooncalf meets Maginn, looking shabby, at a friend's house. Maginn does not even glance at him—he shuts down a window—Maginn (don't be excited!) says, "Thank you"—and, on the friend coming into the room, adds, "I am going out of town." Whereupon, "sorrow, sickness, weariness of spirit, embarrassed circumstances, and a mournful list of exters," suggest themselves to Mooncalf, and he runs "down the dingy stairs with a mournful conviction that adversity with her rapid strides had overtaken poor Maginn." On the third occasion, he actually gets a day's talk with the doctor, who enters into a narrative of a duel in which he was engaged, and speaks of a certain "beaten and affrighted publisher? His lip, while talking on this latter topic, "quivered, his frame writhed, a tear

dimmed his eye," &c., &c. Under these distressing circumstances, what does Mr. Mooncalf do? "Eleven o'clock came, and I rushed into the street." What else? "I saw Maginn no more."

On Coleridge Mr. Mooncalf is wonderfully strong. He sat on Coleridge's knee; he heard Coleridge tell the story of Mary of Buttermere, with the tears running down his cheeks all the time, and "a circle" (there is always "a circle" in Mr. Mooncalf's recollections) "of admiring and sympathetic young women" for audience. Coleridge paid a visit at a house, and Mooncalf was in that house at the time. Coleridge lectured, and Mooncalf was among the audience. Any more evidences of Mooncalf's intimate knowledge of Coleridge, and perfect fitness to inform the public accordingly? No more. Let us wipe our eyes after Mary of Buttermere, and get on to Mackintosh. Mooncalf has only a "dawning acquaintance" here, when he is so fortunate as to fall ill. His "disease" resembles "at first the fatal disease of which Mackintosh's favourite daughter had died." Mackintosh in consequence calls to inquire after him, and lends him books. He gets convalescent, and peeps out of the window at Mackintosh walking in the garden. He gets well, and dines in Mackintosh's company. Anything more in the way of familiar knowledge of this "literary character?" Nothing more. Take away Mackintosh, and bring in Campbell.

Our readers will be glad to hear, on the indisputable authority of Mr. Mooncalf, that *Lochiel* was thus composed:—"The rhymes were written first, and the lines filled in afterwards!" They will be grieved to hear that Mooncalf, when young, read the *Pleasures of Hope*, and then angled all day, "seated with the bearish inconsiderateness of boyhood, on the very centre of the middle step" (of some house—Campbell's, as far as we can guess), "with my great feet on the lower one, my stupid eyes fixed on my line." One day, these "stupid eyes" saw Campbell disembarking from a boat. "I ran" cries Mooncalf, "for my life; the neatly-chiselled profile was all I could perceive." Another day, Mooncalf calls for a friend in a hackney-coach. The friend comes down stairs. Heaven and earth! Mr. Campbell is with him, and jumps into the coach. "Mr. Campbell and I," says miserable Mooncalf, "sat side by side, my friend opposite. I was again disappointed, for Campbell never turned his face to me—I saw nothing but the faultless and beautiful outline of his profile." Anything more? Yes. A Literary Fund Dinner at the Freemason's Tavern. "It is there," writes Mooncalf, rapturously sycophantic, "that I have mourned with the accomplished Lord Carnarvon over the monstrous cruelty of the dog-cart; and my blood has boiled at the recitals in the Cruelty to Animals' meetings. It is there that *Sussex* was, and *Cambridge* is, perennial chairman. It was there that this far-famed literary dinner took place. I crept in among the humble!" Oh, Mooncalf! Mooncalf! "Among the humble"—after carding our loyal blood by talking of two Royal Dukes as "Sussex" and "Cambridge!"—But what went on at the dinner? Among other things, Campbell tried to make a speech, and broke down, and was groaned at, and Mooncalf was indignant, and Campbell died some time afterwards, and Mooncalf saw him once before he died. So end the author's personal recollections of Campbell.

Other "recollections," with some ideas and moral views of Mr. Mooncalf's, we must lump together generally. He writes of Genius, that "she ought to have some one to look after her affairs"—of drunkenness (when it is the drunkenness of a poet), that it is "a dark shadow which the righteous might venture to pity, the rigid to forgive"—of Mrs. Siddons, that she was "a splendid specimen of humanity"—of Letitia Landon, that she "bowled her hoop in one hand, and created verses at the same time"—of the history of the gifted, that it is "a mournful history"—of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that "he looked more like the Star of the West than the plodding artist"—of G. P. R. James, that "one strives to see in him the lofty annalist of the Field of the Cloth of Gold"—of Reynold's *Portraits of Ladies*, that they "bequeath to us the memory of the graceful matron, and of the feminine young creature just emerging into maturity in the higher ranks"—of the *Essay on Theodore Hook's Life*, in the *Quarterly Review*, that he (Mooncalf) "could not recover it for days"—and of Sir Walter Scott, that "he never could have written a modern English novel.

We have nearly done with Mr. Mooncalf; but we cannot possibly let him go till we have exhibited him in one of the amorous phases of his disposition. He falls in love—of course with a "literary character." In fact, with no less a person than the once famous and now forgotten poetess, "L. E. L." Mr. Mooncalf is introduced to the beloved object by that old-established transactor of general mortal business, "Fate." He gets a commission in the army—is ordered to Canada—goes to take leave of "L. E. L."—finds her "chatting with an antique lady of literary fame" about going to a party—fears he is "de trop"—feels "stupid" and "choked"—shakes hands, goes down stairs—is followed by "L. E. L." with a little book. "Tis my first poem," she said; "perhaps you will be so very good as to read it—I believe no one else has." (How accurately "L. E. L." had taken Mr. Mooncalf's exact mental measure!) The year 1830 arrives, and with it Mooncalf from Canada. He goes to a dinner party, and is, of course, the first, in his regular capacity of bore, to "join the ladies"—"a crow," as he says of himself, "among a covey of delicate wood-pigeons." The door opens. "A lady, young and fair, and dressed in that style that marks a mixture with all sorts of society, came into the circle." (Circle again!) Mooncalf having become "uncouth in ideas from long ramblings," is affected to tears. He does not believe that the adored poetic object cares for him; but he becomes her fast friend, and visits her constantly at a house where she boards with "three maiden ladies and a venerable father." Often has Mooncalf found her in the "dingy garden" of that house, "taking breath from the hot presence of a reviewer." Why "hot?" But let us proceed. Mooncalf goes abroad again, comes back, and finds "L. E. L." in bad spirits, thinking society

hollow, writing sonnets for annuals in a quarter of an hour, while the printer's boy was waiting, and so forth. Time passes—"L. E. L." marries a successful rival—Mooncalf accepts the calamity with almost jocular resignation—Queen Victoria goes to be crowned—"L. E. L." sits at a club window to see her pass—Mooncalf goes among the mob, and tells us how he looked up at the adored poetical object for the last time. "As the Lancers, in a style never to be forgotten, rode down the street, I, who had mingled with the crowd, caught a glimpse—my last glimpse of 'L. E. L.' I saw her white veil thrown back as she rose quickly, and leaned forward to look on those proud horsemen—the flower of the aristocracy. The next day she had departed." So ends the Platonic poetical amour of Mr. Mooncalf.

We had one or two more words, of a seriously reprobating kind, to say on the subject of these *Recollections*; but, on consideration, it seems hardly worth while to occupy ourselves or our readers any longer with so very imbecile a book. When nonsense gets nicely printed, and sent into the world under the sanction of an eminent publisher's name, it is nonsense which requires exposing. The exposure, in the present instance, is by this time complete enough for all ordinary critical purposes. Let us take the culprit out of the pillory, and allow him to disappear from sight and hearing as fast as he pleases.

JINGLES.

Poetical Romances and Ballads. By Robert Villiers Sankey, Esq. Hope and Co. *Wild Flowers and Green Leaves; or, Poetical Sketches in Miniature, from Nature in her Happiest Mood.* Saunders and Otley.

Did we consult our inclinations, we should spare ourselves a disagreeable task in noticing volumes so utterly undeserving of notice, in a literary point of view, as these. The only inducement to do so is the alarming increase of such excessive trash, which seems to call on all critics, or other guardians of the public taste, to enter their protest, however humble, against these desecrations of the sacred name of Poetry. If the versifiers would only choose another title! We can conceive the objections to the epithet "Rhymes," or even the adjectives "Rhythical," "Metrical," for they might only force glaring deficiencies upon the reader's notice. But the other day, we chanced to meet with a well-thumbed picture-book, whose author, with scrupulous exactness, had classified its contents as "Nursery Tales, Rhymes, and Jingles." We rejoiced in having at length discovered a class and an order in which to place the fungus which has been of late so rife in the literary vineyard; and we have accordingly adopted it formally, as the heading most suitable to the subject of this article.

Jesting apart, and disclaiming any unkind intention towards the authors of these particular specimens, we should act wrongly by them and by the public, if we did not urge strongly on them to renounce a vocation which is obviously not theirs. Mr. Sankey, in his preface, informs us that these poems were written before he was twenty-one, which he alleges as a claim for indulgence. That is all very well as regards his having *written* them: it is no excuse at all for having *published* them. He was induced to do so (of course) by the solicitations of his friends. A young man of twenty-one may and should be influenced by the opinion of others on such a point, and, therefore, we ought perhaps to blame chiefly the friends who gave him this injudicious counsel. We cannot discern the least spark of poetical inspiration in the volume. The subjects are common-place and melodramatic without being effective, and the treatment does not redeem them. After expressing so much disapprobation, we are bound to support our opinion. We shall do so by extracts, which will enable the public to judge of its justice. Let us take the first stanza in the book:—

Ye gay, ye wealthy, ye who spend your hours
In gaming, feasting, or in Flora's bowers;
Ye who recline upon the lap of ease,
And seek with luxury yourselves to please;
Who strive to gratify each vain desire,
Too oft, methinks, incur th' Almighty's ire
By scorning those whom He has placed on earth—
Your fellow-creatures, though of humbler birth.
Remember poverty has led to crime,
When not assisted in a proper time.

The bathos of the last line is irresistible. Here is another grand poetical climax:—

But now, my readers, let us haste away,
And seek the giddy fair, the vain, the gay,
Those who pursue with nimble feet the dance,
And wistful gaze to catch each smile and glance;
Who, lost to modesty and female grace,
With high-rouged cheek frequent each public place;
Whose practised curtseys with minuteness show
Their silk-clad ankles, and their feet below;
Whose robes, so tightly fitted to their waist,
Well hooked behind, and in the front well laced,
That they, poor girls, must even breathe with care,
Lest that, by breathing hard, twould burst or tear.

Such short extracts are perhaps hardly fair. Let us quote an entire poem. The italics are ours:—

THE SCENE OF DESPAIR.

WHICH TOOK PLACE IN BELGIUM.

O my God! what see I now?
Is it but ideal woe?
Is it?—no, it cannot be;
Yes, it is—'tis Emily.
'Tis in very truth the same
Emily, that once loved name.

Does she love another? Speak!
Oh! my throbbing heart will break.
She, my former hope and pride,
Soon will be another's bride;
Heaven forbid it!—yet 'tis so,
'Twere delusion to say no.
Oh, my brain, my frenzied brain!
Can I live and love again?
Cursed them may she be for ever;
Yet I trust not,—never, never!
May she then be bless'd, and may—
Yet I scarce know what I say.
Hymen's knot, is it completed?
Are my hopes and schemes defeated?
Rabbi, Abbé, Father Donney,
Stop!—oh! stop the ceremony.
Alas! too late—'tis done—'tis done,
And my deathless grief's begun;
She is now another's wife,
And I'm wretched—yea, for life.

We quoted the first lines in the volume;—here are the last:—

So off we hurried at a lawful speed,
Just reached in time and got a crowded seat,
Where all were wedged so closely, that indeed
We scarcely knew where next to stow our feet.

An aged dame, whose size would equal two,
Sat next to me, and after gazing long,
In nervous tone she said, "*Où allez-vous?*" "*A Bruxelles, Monsieur?*" "*Oui.*" "*C'est bon.*"

And this she ask'd to several persons round:
No doubt she wish'd that some one would get out,
That her short feet might better reach the ground,
And give her room, poor soul, to move about.

I have not time to tell the towns we pass'd,
For I'm impatient that my tale be done;
Suffice it then to say we reach'd at last
Brussels, just at the setting of the sun.

Did Mr. Sankey's "friends" urge the publication of this astounding doggrel? He has done a good thing, according to Job, for his *enemies*. We close the "plaintiff's case," and leave the decision to the public. The second book on our list is less absurdly bad; but it is not more poetical, and is full of pretension and of common-place. Here is a specimen. The *sense* (cry you mercy!) is complete in the passage extracted:—

Wag-tail bird of March,
Precursor of spring,
Pursuivant of flowers,
Bright recollections bring.
Remembrancer of search,
Through tangled woods,
In secret woven bowers,
Passing the golden hours,
Where lovers meet,
In joyous mood,
By the tumbling floods,
On footsteps fleet,
In the cool noontide,
And woed is many a rustic bride,
Lovely as princess in her pride—
As pure her blood.

Here is another. The last line requires a commentator:—

This earth is beautiful,
Surpassing all we know,
Of loveliness and beauty—
But man is undutiful,
His evil passions flow,
Hiding his duty,
And marring his mind,
Leaving nought behind,
Of its primeval,
But dross;
So utterly debasing is evil,
And of good the loss.

No one shall say we are unfair critics. We will quote an *entire poem*. Attention! Flourish of trumpets! Enter—

TO A FADED LEAF.

Emblem of hope, long cherished bright,
Which scattered incense o'er the soul,
But now thou art eclipsed in night,
A scorched and blighted scroll.

Generous public! we will tax your patience no longer. Take comfort, ^{if} we do, in the hope that we must at last have arrived at the worst poem of the year.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected. By Mrs. Jameson. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

The Monumental History of Egypt, as Recorded on the Ruins of her Temples, Palaces, and Tombs. By William Osburn, R.S.L. 2 vols. Trübner and Co.

The Poetical Works of William Shenstone, with Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. George Gilfillan. James Nichol.

The Vision of Prophecy, and other Poems. By James W. Burns, M.A. Johnstone and Hunter.

Poems. By Aubrey de Vere. Burns and Lambert.

The Arts.

There is not much theatrical news this week. *Videna* has been withdrawn from the bills of the MARYLEBONE THEATRE, and another "legitimate drama," called *Love and Loyalty*, has taken its place. It is possibly the result of a morbid fondness for melodramas—but we became physically incapable of going to see *Love and Loyalty* the moment we heard that the period of the play was the period of the Civil War in England. We can put up—in the way of business—with a considerable quantity of stage conventionality. Dances of happy peasants—Adelphi felons returned from transportation, and accomplices they are obliged to bribe—"legitimate" old guardians who are in love with "sterling" young wards—the lover, with long tirades, who will "take the stage" at the end of every sentence of clap-trap in his dialogue—the low-comedy drunkenness which never gets higher than the actor's legs—the charming young country girl with the ringlets, and the doll's hat always on one side of her head—the virtuous old man with the grey stockings, the broad beaver, the stick, and the incessant tendency to sit down, sigh, and tell stories—all these persons and things, and many more, we have put up with, and are prepared to put up again. But like the barber in *Nicholas Nickleby*, we must "draw the line somewhere." And we have drawn it now, for some years past, at the civil war (in plays). When we heard that we might see a Cavalier and a Puritan maiden, mutually attached, in *Love and Loyalty*, and when we were further told that the dialogue was formed on the model of the peculiar "Elizabethan" jargon first introduced to the notice of the English public by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, we resolved to report the production of *Love and Loyalty*, but on no account to go and see it. We announced to our readers, therefore, that the play has been produced—we beg to inform them that the play-bills describe it as a great success—and we entreat any of them who have "healthy" sympathies with the "legitimate" (or jog-trot) drama to go and witness the performance immediately. If we could say more than this for *Love and Loyalty* we would; but it is the misfortune of our peculiar position that we really can't.

The *Beulah Spa* has been revived at the OLYMPIC THEATRE, and has afforded the company another opportunity of distinguishing itself—Mrs. Wigan, especially, having shown to the greatest advantage. But we know already that the company contains some of the best actors in London—and we know also that Mrs. Wigan, in her own peculiar line, is an admirable actress. What we want to see at the Olympic is, not the revival of old farces of middling merit for the sake of exhibiting particular actors in particular parts, but the production of new plays of some literary consequence and some dramatic interest, to raise Mr. Wigan's management at the Olympic to the place in public opinion which it ought to occupy. There is nothing he may not do—no high position he may not take, if he (and his company) please. But he will find it sadly against his true interests (and theirs) if he offers the public any more such revivals as the *Beulah Spa*.

Our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Samuel Lover has completed a little one-act play, addressed to present war interests, called *The Sentinel of the Alma*. The piece is to be produced at the Haymarket, with Mr. Hudson for the hero.

SCRAPS.

The other day Mdlle. Rachel was very properly compelled by the Civil Tribunal to resume the rehearsals of M. Legouvé's tragedy of *Medea*. We cannot, we confess, feel much antecedent sympathy for M. Legouvé's heroine, and the objections of Mdlle. Rachel's brilliant and witty advocate to a part at once so truculent, and so stale had much of reason and of good sense. It appears to us almost a confession of weakness to write a tragedy on *Medea*, in 1854, and the public who are now condemned to hear that Crimean lady slaughtering her children in the *coulisses*, would, perhaps, have been spared an infliction if justice had not triumphed before the Civil Tribunal, and Mdlle. Rachel's unpardonable caprices had been condoned. Still, as a question of principle, for the same reason that makes us regret the facile acquiescence of the Imperial government in the caprices of Mdlle. Cruvelli, we rejoice in the vindication of the rights of authors in the person of M. Legouvé. It now appears, that in virtue of the decision in his

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, November 14.

BANKRUPTS.—HENRY BOIS, Fenchurch-street, and Aldersgate-road, Croydon, merchant—WILLIAM TURNER, Bow-lane, Cheshire, tailor's trimming seller—RAFAEL MOSSI, Great Marlborough-street, and Princes-street, Hanover-square, sculptor—JOHN WILLEY, High-street, Borough, cabinet maker—JOHN HENRY BANKS, Little Queen-street, Holborn, engraver—PETER CATELL, Long-acre, coach-maker—JOHN BROWN, Winchester, carpenter—SAMUEL OLIVER, Grange-road, Bermondsey, leather factor—JOHN LAMPET PAIN, Church-terrace, and Alderman-street, St. Pancras-road, and Acton-place, Bagnigge-wells-road, builder—SAMUEL BAILEY, Davies-street, Berkeley-square, hotel-keeper—ROBERT THOMAS, Wardour-street, Oxford-street, hotel-keeper—JOHN BENNETT Hart-street, Bloomsbury, artist's brush manufacturer—JOHN CLAY, Wednesbury, bricklayer—JOHN BEERY, Coventry, licensed victualler—THOMAS WALKER LINDOP, Cannock, Staffordshire, cattle dealer—HENRY PERKS, Liverpool, porter merchant—GEORGE HOYLE and JOHN TATTERSALL, Whitewell Bottom, near Newcastle, Lancashire, cotton manufacturers—JAMES BROWN, MICHAEL BROWN, and NICHOL BROWN, Monkwearmouth, Durham, builders.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—A. L. ELMSLIE, Auchtermuchty, physician—J. BOWIE, Glasgow, commission merchant—M. TAYLOR of DONALDSON, Aberdeen, innkeeper—D. FEASER, son, Dingwall, hardware merchant—D. EDWARD, Caire, Rannoch, mail contractor—J. M'CALLUM, Glasgow, smith—A. THOMPSON, Bothwell, Lanarkshire, contractor.

Friday, November 17.

BANKRUPTS.—THOMAS WEBB, Cullum-street, distiller—JAMES WARWICK WOOLDRIDGE, Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, shipowner—ROBERT PLEDGE, Croydon, Surrey, grocer and brewer—WILLIAM AUSTIN, Colchester, Essex, wholesale grocer—CHARLES GOERINGE, Queen-street, Golden-square, victualler—CHARLES LAMBOURN, Long Ditton, Surrey, barge-builder and contractor—THOMAS SELBY and SILAS NORTON, Town Malling, Kent, scriveners—THOMAS CARDWELL, Park-terrace, Hammersmith, plumber and glazier—FREDERICK WHITE, Ewell, Surrey, and North-street, Chelsea, brewer—GEORGE DUNN, Rushay

favour, M. Legouvé called on the administration of the Théâtre Français to fix a time for commencing the rehearsals, but M. Houssaye, the director, refused to name any day. Accordingly, M. Legouvé summoned M. Houssaye before the Civil Tribunal to show cause for his refusal. The advocate of the theatre asked for a postponement for a week, but M. Legouvé's advocate insisted that the case should be gone into at once. The Tribunal fixed the hearing for Friday (yesterday). A propos of Mdlle. Sophia Cruvelli, whether her mysterious disappearance was an affair of the heart, or of "capital letters" in the bills of the Opera, or of compulsive admiration in high places, or a mere tiff with the manager, or whatever other of the hundred inventions of scandalous and idle sources we may select, one thing is certain. The apology for this prodigal daughter by the official pen is only equalled by Molière's "Et voilà pourquoi votre fille est mante."

Mdlle. Cruvelli ran away, and sent a commissionnaire to tell the management of the Opera she had flown: the letter miscarried. Mdlle. Cruvelli, sick of her escapade, desires to return repentant, but is afraid to appear until her absence has been felt. As we write, we believe she has reappeared in the *Huguenot*. Verdi brings back his new opera, and even Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, is once more whispered of for next June, if the International Exhibition is not deferred to more tranquil times. Meantime the success of M. Gounod's *Nonne Sanglante* is decided: but it is a success of reputation to the composer, rather than of vogue to the theatre.

A new play *de circonstance*, by M. Scribe, of which no less a personage than Catherine the Second of Russia is the heroine, has been accepted and put in rehearsal at the Français. The title of the play is *La Tzarine*. Mdlle. Rachel will be the Catherine: a part which, if M. Scribe aspires to be historically accurate, will tax all the resources even of the celebrated *tragédienne*. M. Bressant will, it is understood, be the Potemkin, or as a French critic announces, *un Potemkin quelconque*.

A new drama, by Madame George Sand, *Le Joueur de Violon*, is in rehearsal at the Ambigu, for Bocage.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has lately produced a drama in five acts and six tableaux at the ODEON. The title of this drama is *Conscience*: the principal character is played by Laferrière, an actor of considerable power in passionate expression, with an occasional tendency to extravagance in gesture, but of decided intelligence. According to his invariable custom, M. Alexandre Dumas announced his drama with a strong preliminary puff in his own journal, and, as usual, attacked his always indulgent critics with all the asperity of a *conscience* anticipating a just verdict. The natural and proper consequence of this presumption is, that he has brought the glasshouse about his ears in the shape of very lenient but effective reproofs from the critics whose sting he had taken the questionable precaution to *draw*. In his grand Monte-Christo manner, M. Dumas mentions, quite by the way, that, having been requested by Laferrière to write him a part, he had read through the plays of the German actor-dramatist Ifland, and, as the result of his researches, had written the drama of *Conscience* in a week or ten days. He read the play to the actors; its reception was icy; it was an utter failure. He pocketed the failure and the play, and was off to Brussels again; but, at the earnest request of Laferrière, he consented to leave the manuscript at the actor's disposal.

M. de Fiennes, in the *Siecle*, corrects this free and easy account as follows:—M. Dumas cannot read German; Ifland's numerous plays have never been translated, excepting a certain trilogy which (fifteen acts in all) an unknown dramatic manipulator had placed as so much raw material in the plastic hands of Alexandre Dumas, who was deep in their perusal just when Laferrière asked him for a "part." Here was a part: two tableaux a day, or fifteen tableaux in a week, are a bagatelle for Monte-Christo. The play was done: it was read: it was a failure—"too German, perhaps," maliciously hints the critic. M. Dumas returned to Brussels; Laferrière goes to an experienced "manipulator," M. Lockroy; and it is M. Lockroy who recasts the drama of *Conscience*, and, in a word, makes it "possible" for acting. *Conscience* is a success—for Laferrière and the ODEON. Whether it is a success for the conscience of M. Dumas, we cannot say; but our readers will agree with us that a dramatist of so easy a conscience should hesitate to criticise his critics—in advance. A caution to followers at home.

* The latest story we have heard, is of a bet between two lions at the Jockey Club, of which a certain *enlèvement* was the subject, of an indignant brother, and of a challenge. At this point our deponent ceaseth.

61: Eastern of France, 304, 313 x d.; Luxembourg, 4, 41; Paris and Lyons, 182, 191pm; Paris and Orleans, 45, 47; Paris and Rouen, 32, 38; Western of France, 5, 6 pm.; Australian Bank, 50, 52; Oriental Bank, 38, 40 x d.; London Chartered, 24, 25; Union of Australia, 70, 72; General Screw Steam, 14, 15; Agus Fries, 4, 4pm; South Australian Copper, 4, 4pm; Nouveau Monde, 4, 4pm; Waller, 4, 4pm; Lazarus, 84, 94; St. John del Rey, 31, 33; Peninsular, 14, 14; Australian Agricultural, 37, 39; N. B. Australasian, 4, 4pm; Scottish Australian Investment, 4, 4pm; South Australian Land, 35, 37.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.
(CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Frid.
Bank Stock			212		212	
3 per Cent. Red.	91	92	90	90	90	90
3 per Cent. Con. An.	93	93	92	92	91	91
Consorts for Account	93	93	92	92	92	91
34 per Cent. An.						
New 24 per Cents.						
Long Ans. 1860.	42		4 5-16	4 5-16	42	4 5-16
India Stock	232	232	232			
Ditto Bonds, £1,000	11		13	9		
Ditto, under £1,000	11	10	12	8	12	
Ex. Bills, £1000	8	7	4	3	6 p	2 p
Ditto, £500	8	7	7 p	7		
Ditto, Small	8	8	7 p	7	3 p	6 p

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.)	
Brazilian Bonds	99
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cents.	57
Chilian 6 per Cents.	102
Danish 5 per Cents.	85
Ecuador Bonds	31
Mexican 3 per Cents.	212
Spanish 3 per Cts. for Acc.	10
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	384
Portuguese 3 p. Cents.	90
Russian Bonds, 5 per Cents	1822
Russian 44 per Cents.	85
Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def.	184
Spanish Committee Cert.	
Coup. not fun.	56
Venezuela 34 per Cents.	...
Belgian 44 per Cents.	...
Dutch 24 per Cents.	68
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	90

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

LAST WEEK BUT TWO.

BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL—New ALLIED ARMIES QUADRILLE. On MONDAY, NOV. 20, the Programme will include Wagner's Grand Overture to *Tannhäuser*—The New American Quadrille—A New Song and Serenade by Madame ANNA THILLON—Solos by Horr Keenig and Signor Robbie—The Moldavian Schottische—The New Charge Galop—Sphyr's Power of Sound—Symphony, and other music.

On TUESDAY NEXT the BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL will take place, on which occasion the whole of the first Part of the Concert will be selected from the works of Beethoven, the second Part being miscellaneous.

On WEDNESDAY NEXT the New ALLIED ARMIES QUADRILLE will be produced.

M. Jullien's Grand Bal Masqué will take place on Monday December 11th.

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M. JULLIEN'S GRAND BAL MASQUÉ

will take place on Monday December 11.

Tickets for the Ball..... 10s. 6d.
Prices of admission for spectators, for whom the audience portion of the theatre will be set apart:

Dress Circle	5s.
Boxes	3s.
Lower Gallery	2s.
Upper Gallery	1s.

Private Boxes £3 3s. and upwards.

Private Boxes and Places may be secured at the Box-office of the Theatre, and of the principal Music-sellers and Librarians.

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Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALFRED WIGAN.

On Monday and during the week will be performed the Burlesque of

THE BEULAH SPA.

Characters by Messrs. A. Wigan, Emery, F. Robson, Danvers, Clifton, White, Rivers, H. Cooper; Miss Julia St. George, Miss Marston, Mrs. Fitzalan, and Mrs. A. Wigan. After which the Drama called

THE TRUSTEE.

Characters by Messrs. F. Vining, Emery, A. Wigan, Leslie, Miss Maskell and Miss Stephens. To conclude with

A BLIGHTED BEING.

Characters by Messrs. Leslie, H. Cooper, Danvers, F. Robson, and Miss E. Turner.

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Nov. 16, 1854.

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